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THE TRIFLER,

A PERIODICAL PAPER,

PUBLISHED AT EDINBURGH,

BY RICHARD MAW-WORM, ESQ.

Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compaſs more than they intend;
And if the means be juſt, the conduct true,
Applauſe, in ſpite of trivial faults, is due.

POPE.

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THE

THE TRIFLER,

BY RICHARD MAW-WORM, ESQ.

[No. I.] *Saturday, Dec.* 19. 1795.

Ye glittering towns, with wealth and ſplendour crown'd;
Ye fields, where ſummer ſpreads profuſion round;
Ye lakes, whoſe veſſels catch the buſy gale;
Ye bending ſwains, that dreſs the flow'ry vale;
For me your tributary ſtores combine:
Creation's heir; the world, the world, is mine.

GOLDSMITH.

MY predeceſſor, the Idler, obſerves, and with ſome degree of juſtice, that "thoſe who attempt Perio-"dical Eſſays, ſeem to be often ſtopped in the be-"ginning by the difficulty of finding a proper title."

IT perhaps might be neceſſary, from the title I have taken, to make ſome apology to the world; more eſpecially, as moſt of my readers may be inclined to think, that as much was publiſhed under the title of the Idler, as now can be done under that of the Trifler. But, it will be obſerved, there is a very material difference between the two titles. All mankind are naturally idlers, though they are not triflers. The diſtinction betwixt the two is ſo obvious, that every man, upon hearing the words mentioned, knows in what degree to apply it to his ac-

A quaintance

quaintance or his friend. The Idler ſeeks only how to conſume his own time; and to make life glide peaceably away, with the appearance of having ſomething to do, is all that he aims at. The Trifler is a mortal perpetually engaged; but his labours, for the moſt part, afford very little inſtruction either to himſelf or to others. To put off till to-morrow that which ſhould be done to-day, and to make ſmall matters occupy the moſt of his time, ſeems often to be the chief happineſs of the Trifler. Some of my readers may be good natured enough to paſs over the title; and for the reaſon mentioned in the firſt paragraph, and to theſe good natured readers alone, I muſt truſt for the ſupport of my paper.

The Trifler, I have obſerved, is little qualified for ſhining in the more profound parts of Literature. He is principally occupied with the peruſal of the tranſitory compoſitions of the day, and inceſſantly runs from one author to another. Hence much of his knowledge is ſuperficial; but this is far from rendering him unfit for conducting the publication of a periodical paper. Little verſed in the elucidation of abſtruſe and often uſeleſs doctrines, he has full leiſure to caſt his eyes around him and contemplate the abſurdities of mankind. Often cenſorious in his remarks; from a conſcious inferiority in his abilities, he dwells, with a peculiar ſatisfaction, on the darker ſhades of character, while thoſe ſituations, in which his fellow creatures appear in a more favourable light, are totally neglected. But ſuch conduct I will aſſiduouſly avoid. My chief happineſs will

conſiſt

conſiſt in preſenting my reader with a picture of excellence in either ſex, and pointing out, in particular, thoſe qualifications by which the fair ſex are ſo eminently diſtinguiſhed. Yet, notwithſtanding, that I declare this to be my principal intention, I will take every opportunity of diſplaying thoſe blemiſhes and defects ſerving to conceal endowments, which would otherwiſe have made their poſſeſſor appear in a more amiable light. In doing this I will never uſe the ſtern and frigid declamation of the moraliſt; but act as a friend who places his ſole delight in providing for the happineſs of all.

My principal papers will be furniſhed with obſervations on the inhabitants of this city; but I will occaſionally convey my readers into the country, and either give them a delineation of the innocent manners of rural life, or ſhew them that, even in the moſt retired receſſes, we may ſometimes diſcover the traces of villainy or barbarity. I may, at other times, give a diſplay of the beauties of nature, where theſe may be deſerving of attention; and even to conduct my readers into diſtant regions, where they may ſurvey the manners of other nations, will be often productive of much entertainment. All my opinions, however, ſhall be delivered with becoming modeſty; and, in my future numbers, I hope the marks of a malicious and cynical diſpoſition will never make their appearance.

Politics in this country have run very high, and opinions have been formed by men of great

judgment on both ſides. It is ſincerely to be wiſhed, that any gentleman who may be inclined to honour this work with his contributions, will, in no ſhape whatever, touch on this ſubject. The Whig and the Tory are alike invited, to bury their party-ſquabbles, and entertain themſelves by furniſhing a triſle to the Triſler.

ANOTHER thing is neceſſary for the information of my correſpondents, the preſent publication ſhall never be the vehicle of perſonal abuſe. Folly, in whatever ſhape it is exhibited, muſt come under the eye of the Triſler; but it is not meant that any private individual ſhall be pointed at.

THE authors of the Connoiſſeur had, in their day, a very extenſive field before them; and it is believed that this age affords enough of matter for the preſent work. If I have formed too raſh an opinion, theſe eſſays will, no doubt, haſten into decay; and, before they have aſſumed the ſize of a volume, ſink into a mere triſle.

A WOMAN of ſpirit is the moſt proper perſon to whom a work of this nature can be dedicated. She, then, who ſhall firſt ſhorten her petticoats two inches, in order that her ſandals may be ſeen, and ſo far lead on the faſhion as to appear without a waiſt, ſhall not only be the perſon, but I even promiſe her a copy of this, my work, (if ever it ſhall arrive at the ſize of a volume), handſomely bound and gilt.

T.

No.

[No. II.] *Saturday, Dec.* 26. 1795.

Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join.
POPE.

MR TRIFLER,

SIR,

As I was reading the firſt number of your paper, "a ſudden drowſineſs came o'er my cloſing eyes, "and down I ſunk in ſleep." Methought I was tranſported to Burntsfield Links, where immediately was preſented to my view an army of females.

THE eldeſt of them, whom I fancied their commandant, came up and told me that this was an aſſociation formed for the purpoſe of obliging their huſbands to ſettle larger jointures on ſome, with a coach and pair on others. After having given me this information, the drum beat to arms, and the whole army marched before me. Among this vaſt aſſemblage I could diſcover a great many of our women of faſhion They were dreſſed in white petticoats, very ſhort, blue Spencers, turned up with red, and hats and feathers. The officers wore ſhorter

petticoats, with ſandals, and on their breaſts they had plates of ſilver, with the letters A. F. O. R. I inquired what theſe letters meant, and ſhe told me that it was "Aſſociation for our Rights."

After they had gone through their evolutions, which, to do them juſtice, they performed with great exactneſs, they then marched up ſingly to the commandant, who received them very politely. The firſt was a young handſome officer, who complained very much of her huſband for having peremptorily refuſed to allow the introduction of private balls or aſſemblies into his houſe. A council of war was thereupon called, and it was agreed that this was a right in which they were all equally concerned, and which they could not diſpenſe with; and it was unanimouſly reſolved that, unleſs this was allowed, they would compel it by force of arms.

The next who made her appearance was a fat ducheſs, a ſerjeant of the grenadiers, who called loudly for a ſeparate maintenance. This was oppoſed by the council, who endeavoured to repreſent the impropriety of this action; but, ſhe having inſiſted upon a ſpecial hearing, it was deferred till another day.

After the council had ſat on ſeveral caſes, a great clamour was heard in the weſt part of the Links, which called the attention of the whole army. This was about fifty beaus, who inſiſted upon being admitted as volunteers. Their leader came forward, dreſſed

dreſſed in a ſcarlet frock; his hair flowed in treſſes down his back; his hat was ſet on to the one ſide; and indeed he had the appearance of a very pretty female. He then preſented a petition, of which, as I do not now exactly recollect the words, I muſt put down the ſubſtance. It ſet forth, that the young men of faſhion had ſo attached themſelves to the bottle, that it was impoſſible for them (the beaus) to keep company with ſuch fellows any longer: That they had always been the moſt conſtant admirers of the fair ſex: That, as the gentlemen had now entirely abandoned them, if they were not admitted as volunteers, how were they to be attended at aſſemblies? and, in ſhort, if they diſcarded them, they might look to the conſequences.

As they were proceeding to take this petition into conſideration, a great army was ſeen coming through the Meadows. The beaus immediately joined the female army; and an engagement commenced, when the ſcreams of the wounded, and the horrid carnage that was exhibited to my view, wakened me. I am, yours,

St David's Street,
Dec. 22. 1795.

WILL. DROWSY.

SIR,

Sir,

I am to lay my caſe before you, which, I make no doubt, will be conſidered, both by you and your readers, as a very hard one. I live in the neighbourhood of this city, and keep a houſe for the reception of perſons who have been ſo unfortunate as to be deprived of their reaſon.

You muſt know, that, a few nights ago, juſt in the duſkiſh, as I was walking out a little way from my houſe, I diſcovered a tall figure ſtalking before me, which every now and then ſtopped and turned round. Upon getting nearer it, I diſcovered that it had a coat of a blue colour, cut ſhort, that is to ſay, without tails, and a white one under it. As this figure very much reſembled an unfortunate gentleman under my care, (he having the day before cut away the tails of his coat,) I immediately went home, armed two of my aſſiſtants, and went in ſearch of him. We had not gone far when we overtook him, and accordingly laid hold of him, and carried him, *vi et armis*, back to my houſe. We had no ſooner got him into the kitchen, than he ſeized the poker, and beat and bruiſed me in a ſevere manner, ſo much ſo, that I am, at this moment, confined to the houſe.

Now, Sir, I beg of you to lay my caſe before the public, in order that they may judge whether I or the gentleman were moſt to blame; he in coming

ſo

ſo near my houſe dreſt in that manner, or I in ſeizing upon him. As I have ſuffered ſo ſeverely, I mean to lay my caſe before a lawyer, to ſee whether or not I am likely to recover damages.

I am, with reſpect,

Lib. Dec. 23. 1795.

TOM STRAITJACKET.

No.

[No. III.] *Saturday, Jan.* 2. 1796.

Flebili ſponſae juvenemve raptum
Plorat; et vires, animumque, moreſque
Aureos educit ——— Hor.

To delineate the manners of life, and to give a picture of poliſhed ſociety, contraſted with the rude and barbarous behaviour of ſavages, ought to be the aim of every writer. By theſe means we are enabled to ſurvey the progreſſive ſteps of improvement, while we compare the vices of poliſhed nations with the inbred virtues of ſavage and ignorant barbarians. I am, therefore, induced to entertain my readers with the following narrative, which, I flatter myſelf, in ſome degree will be productive of theſe advantages.

The extenſive empire of Ruſſia, which, about a century ago, was plunged in ignorance, and overwhelmed with ſuperſtition, can now, in ſo far, vie with its more cultivated neighbours. Under the direction of an arbitrary Princeſs, the polite arts have there fixed their abode, and ſhone with a luſtre worthy of a more congenial clime. Although the lower claſſes of the people are ſtill obliged to remain in all their original ignorance, the nobles of the

the land, in politeneſs and every genteel and elegant accompliſhment, are not inferior to thoſe of the moſt enlightened nations of Europe. They are not, it is true, all alike; ſome of them ſtill retain the traces of their primæval ferocity and ignorance; but others are eaſily to be found, who, conjoined to all the virtues of innocence, are poſſeſſed of the moſt amiable manners.

Among the latter no one was more diſtinguiſhed than the virtuous Golitzin, a younger ſon of the moſt illuſtrious family in Ruſſia. He had been early ſent on his travels, and, after having made the tour of Europe, returned a moſt accompliſhed youth. Contrary to the practice of moſt noblemen, he had been induced to go abroad from the deſire of improvement, and not for the purpoſe of copying the vices of foreign nations: Conſequently, while others were diſſipating that precious time which muſt never return, he was adorning his mind with the beauties of learning, and acquiring extenſive knowledge by ſurveying and contemplating the various actions and characters of men. According to the cuſtom of Ruſſia, he had been early enrolled in the military ſervice, and, at his return, he found himſelf poſſeſſed of a conſiderable poſt: In the army he ſoon made himſelf beloved by all his officers, from the ſweetneſs of his manners, and the humanity of his behaviour.

While thus in the flower of youth and beauty, thus reſpected by all, his ſoul was not inſenſible to love:

love; and his accompliſhments had not failed of attracting the regards of the ladies. But of all the women of his acquaintance, none was poſſeſſed of more charms than the elegant Tatiana: To the allurements of the moſt delightful external beauty, all the graces acquired by a finiſhed education were added; and, while Tatiana was the moſt lovely, ſhe was, at the ſame time, the moſt amiable of women. During infancy ſhe was deprived of an excellent mother, but ſtill had a father who, from her earlieſt years, made his chief happineſs conſiſt in rendering his beloved daughter miſtreſs of every excellence. Even in a deſpotic country his virtues were reſpected: The beauty of his lovely daughter was the object of univerſal admiration, but her father by all was regarded with reverence. Thoſe, who bear a reſemblance to ourſelves, we love; the father of Tatiana, therefore, viewed Golitzin with eſteem. He became his friend, and introduced him to his amiable daughter. They beheld each other not with indifference, and mutual friendſhip was ſoon heightened into love.

Golitzin and Tatiana had for ſome time enjoyed all the bliſs of two happy lovers, when the inhuman Dolgaruka became enamoured of the young lady. As his riches and his power had no limits, his wiſhes were unbounded: Poſſeſſed of the worſt of hearts, he was the ſcourge of all, and by every one ſecretly deteſted. An application to the father of Tatiana having met with a repulſe, he, from that moment, meditated revenge, which he too ſoon had

an

an opportunity of gratifying. An inſurrection having ariſen among thoſe barbarous Tartars, who inhabit the eaſtern deſerts of Aſtrachan, by the influence of Dolgaruka, young Golitzin, with others, was ordered immediately to march againſt them. He was obliged to comply, for death would have been the conſequence of diſobedience. What may we not ſuppoſe was the anguiſh of the two lovers at this unhappy parting! Uncertain of ever meeting again, they vowed eternal conſtancy, and that no misfortunes would make them forget each other.

Golitzin ſoon reached the environs of Aſtrachan, thoſe extenſive deſerts, where nature reigns in all her horrors, which are only inhabited by hordes of wandering Tartars, rude and ſavage as theſe dreary plains. The main body of the army was ſtationed in a place of ſecurity, but the commander having received ſecret orders, ſmall parties were kept continually in the deſert. Golitzin was ſent on one of theſe expeditions with a handful of men, and ordered to obſerve the motions of the Tartars. One evening they were attacked by ſome thouſands of armed men: to fly was impoſſible; he therefore encouraged his ſoldiers to ſtand to the laſt; but, in a ſhort time, they were almoſt all cut to pieces. Favoured by the darkneſs of the night, he made his eſcape; and, fatigued and wounded as he was, he fled during the night as faſt as his horſe could bear him. In the morning he found himſelf at the banks of a river; here he ſat down to indulge his ſorrows, ignorant of the country, and unacquainted with its

barbarous inhabitants. The idea of the lovely Tatiana, expoſed to all the fury of a brutal monſter, ruſhed upon his mind, and filled his boſom with anxiety; for her alone he wiſhed to live, but now had no hopes of ever ſeeing her again.

When his ſtrength was recruited by thoſe herbs he chanced to find, he purſued his journey, and for ſeveral days travelled through pathleſs deſerts, where all was deſolation, ſave ſome ſpots of verdure which appeared like iſlands among the ſurrounding ſands. Death had now preſented itſelf before his eyes, and the proſpect of it had already become familiar, when one day, overcome with toil, he reached a gloomy valley: Rugged rocks and tremendous precipices overhung it on every ſide, and only a few withered ſhrubs could be diſcerned among their ſummits. He ſlowly advanced into the valley, and at a diſtance eſpied a cottage with ſome flocks grazing around it: as he approached he beheld a Tartar, armed with a bow and arrows, and a woman by his ſide. At ſight of him the Tartar, with eyes enraged, bent his bow, with a deſign to pierce him to the heart, when the woman fell on her knees, and, in melting accents, ſeemed to beſeech him in favour of the wretched ſtranger. The Tartar was diſarmed of his rage, his heart was ſoftened, he threw his bow and arrow on the ground, and ſtretched out his hand to the unfortunate Golitzin. He was conveyed to the cottage, had an homely meal ſet before him, and was deſired to reſt his wearied limbs; and for ſeveral days was tended with the utmoſt care and ſolicitude.

To

To this woman, then, endued with all that ſoftneſs ſo natural to a female, did Golitzin owe the preſervation of his life.

THIS Tartar was a man of ſome rank, he was the lord of the valley, and his ſervants were diſperſed among the mountains at the arrival of Golitzin: They were endeavouring by hunting to provide for their own and their maſter's ſubſiſtence; for in theſe wilds agriculture is unknown. The Tartars in theſe parts live in different tribes, which are almoſt conſtantly at war with each other; and whatever one tribe can carry off from the reſt, is looked upon as a lawful prize. From their infancy inured to havock and deſtruction, the ſoft feelings of humanity are almoſt baniſhed from their boſoms; for to plunder or maſſacre their enemies is the moſt ardent of their wiſhes. Such was the people with whom Golitzin was forced to abide; but in his favour the laws of humanity were reſpected; they clothed him in a Tartar dreſs, and enrolled him amongſt them. He was obliged to go on various expeditions againſt the hoſtile tribes, in which he acquitted himſelf ſo much to their ſatisfaction, that he obtained their applauſe, was eſteemed one of their braveſt warriors, and, after a few years, having acquired their language, he was raiſed to the dignity of a chief.

WHAT a change do we now behold in the fortunes of Golitzin! Torn from all the elegancies of life, and deprived of friends ſo dear, it is now his fate to wander in unknown deſerts, without the

hope of ever reviſiting his native country. But the leſſons of fortitude he had imbibed in his earlier years enabled him to ſupport this reverſe of fortune without repining; and thus his mind remained ſerene even in the midſt of deſolation. Thoſe pathleſs wilds to the eaſt of the Caſpian were now his habitation. To return to Aſtrachan through the deſerts would have been to fall a prey to the ferocious Kalmucks; he, therefore, meditated a return by the way of Perſia; and, at his perſuaſion, ſeveral hordes of Tartars were induced to emigrate to that quarter. Theſe Tartars have ſeldom any fixed place of abode; the deſert is common to them all; and, in their prædatory marches, the weakeſt are conſtantly obliged to become the ſlaves of the ſtronger. Several of theſe hordes, under the conduct of Golitzin, had already paſſed the boundaries of Chiva, when they attacked a party of Turkoman Tartars, who were returning from the mountains of Caucaſus loaded with ſpoil. Dreadful was the carnage that enſued; but the troops of Golitzin were at length victorious, and the Turkomans were ſtript of all their poſſeſſions.

After the engagement, ſeveral women were found among the ſpoil; but there was one who far exceeded the reſt in beauty. Her dreſs was in the European faſhion; and a deep melancholy, which was pictured in her countenance, ſerved rather to heighten than conceal her charms. She was brought a captive to the tent of Golitzin. What were his emotions when he heard her ſpeak the

the language of Ruſſia! Pale and trembling, uncertain of her fate, ſhe raiſed not her eyes from the ground. In her native tongue he deſired her to be comforted, and give him a recital of her adventures. In a voice almoſt ſmothered with ſighs, ſhe began in the following manner.

I was born in Ruſſia, and deſcended from a family of ſome diſtinction. My father was the inſtructor of my early youth; and, by his admonitions I have been enabled to ſupport with patience all the misfortunes which afterwards befel me. Among the young men who paid their addreſſes to me, one alone was deſerving of my love: we indeed ſeemed born for each other, but, by the efforts of a barbarous wretch, he was torn from my preſence, and, ah me! I fear he has periſhed in the field. The fatal tidings of his death were too ſoon brought, and I remained inconſolable for his loſs. That infamous wretch, the inſtrument of my unhappineſs, teaſed me inceſſantly with his inſolent propoſals; but, finding he could not prevail, determined to get rid of my father, whom he viewed with a vindictive eye. Under pretence of honour, he obtained an order for him to proceed as an envoy to ſome chiefs in Circaſſia: thus the villain entertained hopes of getting me into his poſſeſſion, but he hoped in vain. I would not part from my father, and entreated him to take me along with him. The haughty villain was thus once more diſappointed.

With a ſmall retinue my father began his journey, and without meeting with any misfortune, we reached the borders of Circaſſia. In the neighbourhood of Kiſlaar, there are ſome wells of boiling naphtha: we were admirers of the curioſities of nature, and were anxious to view them; and with only a few attendants, unapprehenſive of danger, we proceeded to a neighbouring mountain. After clambering up a ſteep aſcent, we reached a beautiful plain: here a ſtream, in ſerpentine mazes, was ſeen to wander; and having reached the extremity of the plain, to precipitate itſelf over ſome rugged rocks. No words can paint the beauty of this delightful place: on every part our ſenſes were charmed with a profuſion of flowers; and at a diſtance, ſome of the mountains of Caucaſus were beheld rearing aloft their tremendous heads. The ſight of theſe objects filled us with admiration; they were calculated to inſpire the moſt ſublime ideas, and, rapt in contemplation, we forgot to go away.

Our thoughts were thus employed, when, on a ſudden, from an adjoining thicket, a body of mountaineers ruſhed upon us. I alone was ſeized, and torn from the arms of my diſtracted parent. What language can paint the agitation of my ſoul at that inſtant? In vain I called on my father for aſſiſtance: he, once my only ſupport, was now of no avail. Placed on horſeback behind a Tartar, I was carried through the defiles of thoſe aweful mountains, unknown to all but the inhabitants themſelves. Regardleſs of my own misfortunes, my breaſt was filled

ed with pity and diſtreſs for the fate of my beloved father; that affectionate parent whom I perhaps muſt never again behold! The Tartars who bore me away, continued on their march day and night, till they reached the ſouthern extremities of Caucaſus: here I was immured in the harem of a chief, among a few helpleſs women, and continually importuned with his inſulting preſence. He behaved with civility at firſt, but was juſt on the point of forcing me to yield to his intreaties, when he was attacked by a body of Tartars, and routed in a bloody battle. All his women, with his whole poſſeſſions, fell into their hands. The booty obtained was immenſe: they were ſatisfied with it, and were returning homewards when you reſcued me from their hands.

THE lady had finiſhed her melancholy tale, and her tears began to flow afreſh, when Golitzin claſped her in his arms. Ah my beloved Tatiana! he exclaimed, behold once more thy own Golitzin, who lives alone for thee! On thee my thoughts were ever fixed, while roaming in the deſert, while expoſed to all the fury of the elements, and of war. Tatiana recogniſed the voice of her lover; but this unexpected meeting made too forcible an impreſſion: ſhe fainted away. But the glow of health ſoon reanimated her countenance, and reſtored her to the embrace of the faithful Golitzin.

THE ſurrounding Tartars were ſtruck with amaze at the behaviour of their chief; ſtrangers themſelves

themſelves to the emotions of love, they had no idea of the effects it produces in others. Golitzin gave them a pathetic account of his own and Tatiana's adventures, mentioned his deſire to return to his native country, and requeſted their protection to one of the ſouthern harbours of the Caſpian ſea. Although grieved at this reſolution, they could refuſe him nothing: They conveyed him to Aſtrabat, and gave him a ſhare of their ſpoils. Even theſe barbarous Tartars were affected at parting with the amiable Golitzin: his engaging demeanour had won the hearts of them all. At Aſtrabat the two lovers went on board a Ruſſian ſhip, and in a ſhort time they reached Aſtrachan. Here Tatiana met with her father, who had returned in ſafety from Circaſſia: their interview was moſt affecting. On their arrival in Ruſſia, they were informed that the impious Dolgaruka was dead: hated by all, he had fallen a victim to his crimes. Happineſs was once more the portion of Golitzin and Tatiana. The Empreſs had heard of their virtues, and loaded them with honour.

H.

[No. IV.] *Saturday, Jan.* 9. 1796.

Free from ambitious pride and anxious care,
To love and to be lov'd was all my prayer.

In the following letter ſent me by a correſpondent, there is ſo much appearance of truth, that I am induced to give it to my readers without any alteration. I hope there are few of my fair countrywomen who trifle with their admirers in ſuch a way as to produce the conſequences my correſpondent imagines, therefore I forbear to make any comment upon it.

Mr Maw-worm,

Your paper is the moſt proper channel through which I can convey my ſtory to the world, and I am convinced that both you and your readers will agree with me in thinking I have been trifled with in many reſpects.

About ſix years ago I was ſo unfortunate as to fall in love with a young lady, at that time in town for her education. After trying every poſſible method to get introduced to her, I had the misfortune to ſucceed; and, in a little time, I was led to believe

lieve that I was far from being diſagreeable to her. We had not been long acquainted, when the young lady was called home; and my mind was ſo engroſſed with the idea of her charms, that I followed her into the country; and as her father's houſe was but a little way from a fine trouting ſtream, I was often induced to go thither under a pretence to amuſe myſelf with angling. Here, unfortunately, I commenced an acquaintance with her brother; and, by his means, was ſoon introduced to the whole family. Four years were conſumed in that kind of trifling ſo agreeable to the coquetiſh part of the ſex, but which will certainly be avoided by every woman of honour or humanity, when my father died. By his death I found my fortune was not ſo opulent as I had once imagined it would have been; and as the father of my fair one unexpectedly received an addition to his fortune, I conſequently expected to be immediately diſmiſſed. But, notwithſtanding theſe conſiderations, I was received by her with more complacency than ever; but, on this occaſion, her father aſſumed a ſtiffneſs and reſerve which ſtung me to the ſoul. Diſguſted with this behaviour of his, I quitted the houſe for about half a year. By accident I met with the young lady, who gently chided me for my abſence, and gave me ſuch a preſſing invitation, that I renewed my viſits as before with alacrity and pleaſure. Here I was received with the utmoſt kindneſs, and my paſſion returned with an ardour which no one but a moſt enraptured lover can have any idea of; and now I felt a pleaſure to which I had till then been a ſtranger.

WHILST I was thus receiving the moſt unbounded proteſtations of love, fortune ſeemed likewiſe inclined to load me with her favours. In ſhort, I was promiſed a moſt eligible ſituation worth ſome hundreds a-year, and received the moſt ſolemn and repeated proteſtations of being ſpeedily put in poſſeſſion of it; but, after having been moſt egregiouſly trifled with for ſeveral months, I was ſo unfortunate as again to meet with a diſappointment.

I GAVE my fair one an account of this loſs, but was comforted with the cheering aſſurance, that it would be far from diminiſhing the regard which ſhe had always entertained for me. Soon after this, ſhe received an invitation from a gentleman in town, deſiring her to paſs the winter in his family, which gave me the livelieſt pleaſure, as I thus would be oftener in her company, and have more opportunities than before of rendering myſelf agreeable to her. When ſhe came to town, however, I obſerved a certain ſhyneſs and reſerve in her behaviour towards me, which gave me the greateſt uneaſineſs: On demanding an explanation, I received an evaſive anſwer, which, inſtead of leſſening, ſerved rather to increaſe the torment I felt.

A SHORT time after this ſhe went home; and, as ſhe was ſtill miſtreſs of my heart, I very ſoon paid her a viſit in the country, but was received with the coldeſt indifference, which could not fail of wounding me in the tendereſt manner. I demanded an explanation of this conduct, but was

told that at preſent I could get none. I next wrote requeſting to know in what ſhape I had offended; to which I received no anſwer. Irritated by this neglect, I again wrote in perhaps too warm a language, and received an anſwer, in which ſhe told me, that her father deſired her to drop all connection with me: That ſhe never had the ſmalleſt regard for me: And that it was only gratitude for the attention I had always paid her, which had led her into promiſes ſhe was now determined not to perform.

THIS, Sir, is my ſtory; and, had it not been for an accident, it ſhould never have been made public. I was in a company ſome few nights ago, where the ſubject in diſpute was, "How does it "ariſe that there are more maiden ladies in the "preſent day, than there were formerly?" I do not conſider that my ſtory illuſtrates altogether, or clears up that queſtion; yet I am inclined to believe that this trifling behaviour of the ladies is often the cauſe of their remaining unmarried. But this I leave entirely to your determination, only wiſhing that you may never be trifled with as I have been. I am, &c.

J. W.

[No. V.] *Saturday, Jan.* 16. 1796.

OF all the different kinds of compoſition, no one is more valuable, and, when properly written, more entertaining, than that of voyages and travels. By means of them we can travel with eaſe and pleaſure from one country to another; we can ſurvey the manners and cuſtoms of various nations; and, while we are in perfect ſafety, we, in imagination, enter into all the dangers and diſtreſſes of the traveller: we ſympathiſe with his misfortunes, and feel a heart-felt pleaſure when we ſee him relieved from them. Thus, through the medium of an ingenious traveller, we are enabled to converſe with the harmleſs Hottentot, or admire the ſimplicity of his life; and thus we can traverſe the immeaſurable wilds of Tartary, and view the ſavage manners of its inhabitants. In the compilations of geography, we have all the material information with regard to diſtant nations, but in them there is nothing intereſting: we have no guide who, in an agreeable manner, conducts us along with him, and, by blending his own ſtory with the deſcription of every thing curious, entices us to proceed, and thus inſenſibly fills our minds with knowledge. No entertainment can be ſo great as that derived from the peruſal of ſuch writings, when the compoſition of a man of accuracy and taſte.

That travels may be intereſting, the author ought to be a man of knowledge and diſcernment; he muſt be able to view nature with the eyes of a philoſopher, and to deſcribe her beauties in a ſtyle perſpicuous and eaſy, neither adorned with uſeleſs ornaments, nor clouded with mean and obſcure expreſſions. Of whatever profeſſion he may be, let him avoid dwelling too minutely upon any of its branches; except where the good of mankind is connected with the narrative. If he be a divine, let him not fatigue his readers with his prayers, or with moral diſcourſes, which can be read at any other time; if he be a phyſician, let him not grow tedious and impertinent, by introducing into his work whole hiſtories of diſeaſes; and, in ſhort, if he be an antiquarian, or a naturaliſt, let him not waſte pages with the deſcription of a curious coin, or in pointing out the colour and appearance of a wonderful butterfly.

Above all, let the traveller endeavour to view mankind in their various appearances: let him develope the ſhades of character; for, by giving us a picture of two oppoſite diſpoſitions, the amiable and the abandoned, with their various gradations, he makes a laſting impreſſion on our hearts. We are led to compare the one with the other; and, when characters are nicely diſcriminated, we are at no loſs which to approve and to imitate. Some may imagine this not to be the province of the traveller, but I would inſinuate that it ought to be his principal aim; but, although he pays attention to the manners of the people, the appearance of the country muſt

muſt not be neglected. This ought not, however, to be carried too far: a tedious deſcription of a mountain, a ſtream, or a valley, can never be intereſting; for theſe even the moſt ignorant have ſeen. But it is agreeable to be acquainted with the places through which the traveller paſſes; and this ought always to be done.

VARIOUS are the opinions, and diverſified is the taſte of mankind; for that egotiſm, ſo familiar to travellers, is diſagreeable to ſome, while it is highly admired by others, who imagine that it is very eſſential to ſuch writings. For my part, I am inclined to ſuppoſe, that we receive moſt entertainment when the traveller ſpeaks of himſelf in a modeſt manner, and ſkilfully intermingles his own adventures with the deſcription of the curioſities of nature, and the characters of men. Surely it is as natural to be intereſted with events that really happened, than to have our attention excited by the imaginary occurrences of a novel; it has, therefore, been the cuſtom of ſome late travellers altogether to diſregard the face of nature, and to confine themſelves entirely to the picture of ſociety. But, although we are intereſted for the welfare of the traveller, and pleaſed with his adventures, we will not fail to be diſguſted, if he enter too minutely into the hiſtory of his own affairs. In this way, ſome travellers have erred, while others, avoiding this, have ruſhed into the oppoſite extreme.

In writing voyages and travels, ſome confine themſelves to the form of a journal, and others think it more proper to convey their opinions in letters, ſuppoſed to be written to their intimate friends. The firſt mode is certainly the moſt natural, although not ſo ſuſceptible of embelliſhments as the latter: the journaliſt chiefly endeavours to convey his meaning in a plain and unaffected manner, but the writer of letters has more leiſure to pay attention to the harmony of his periods. The perſons to whom theſe letters are addreſſed, have, for the moſt part, no exiſtence; and they are generally fabricated in the cloſet with the utmoſt nicety and regularity, hence they ſeem not to flow from the heart, but to be the fruit of intenſe ſtudy and attention. How improbable that a traveller in the deſerts of Africa ſhould have it in his power to carry on ſuch a correſpondence; but, even from the moſt uncultivated deſerts, ſome men have found means of writing to their friends.

Let us ſuppoſe, for a moment, one of theſe letter-writers on the banks of the Niger, arrived at the town of Tombuctoo, and thus addreſſing his correſpondent, "I reached this place, my dear friend, "only a few days ago, and take the earlieſt opportunity of writing. Through all the places I paſſed, my thoughts were full of my friend, and, at "every one of them, my pen was agreeably employed in converſing with him; and, as ſoon as I "reach the adjoining territory of Gago, he will again hear from me." How ridiculous it is to hear

hear a perſon going on in ſuch a fooliſh manner! What does the world care for his friend, or the delicacy of his feelings? But if this be diſagreeable in the traveller, it is unpardonable in the writer of voyages; a letter may be conveyed by land, but there are few ways of tranſmitting the letters of the voyager.

It is a general obſervation, that there are few men ſo fond of the wonderful as travellers: that their volumes may be intereſting, they have been ſometimes not aſhamed to deviate from the path of truth, and aſſert the moſt improbable of falſehoods. Some have, even in their cloſets, compoſed entire volumes of travels, and palmed them on the world as genuine; but ſuch conduct is beneath the dignity of a man, and is only followed after by the moſt abandoned. Rather than paſs the boundaries of truth, let the traveller be defective in any other particular.

In almoſt every nation there have been travellers; and their diſpoſitions ſeem to have varied according to the country in which they were born. The Italian is lively and entertaining, but ſeldom enters deeply into any thing: he is ſatisfied with the firſt glance, and is fonder of diſplaying the education of the gentleman than the qualifications of the ſcholar. The German is laborious in his enquiries, and appears deſirous of amaſſing real and extenſive knowledge by painful inveſtigation; and to pleaſe the philoſopher ſeems to have been his aim. The French

have been chiefly diſtinguiſhed for a peculiar livelineſs of imagination, which ſerves rather to delight than to improve our minds. But the Engliſh are anxious to convey their reader imperceptibly into the path of knowledge, by means of an intereſting narrative, free from the too affected trammels of methodical arrangement. Some travellers, however, of genius and taſte, have appeared in all the countries of Europe, who have equally amuſed and inſtructed the mind.

The narrations of travellers, in this country, ſeem to have been little known, till the labours of Hackluyt and Purchas were printed: Theſe men, by dint of induſtry and toil, collected thoſe vaſt volumes which it would be the work of years to peruſe. They are now only to be found in the libraries of the curious; and the ſtyle in which they are written is ſo obſelete and tediouſly minute, that they are much, and, I may almoſt ſay, deſervedly neglected. The travels of Thomas Gage, who, though an Engliſhman, wrote in a foreign language, I remember to have read at an early period with much pleaſure. There is ſuch an air of candour and modeſty diffuſed over his writings, and he appears to be a man of ſuch amiable manners, that we ſoon muſt regard him with affection.

I hope the reader will pardon me for mentioning one or two books of travels, ſome of which are deſerving of cenſure, others of approbation. Here let me pay a tribute to the memory of Bell, that intelligent

intelligent traveller, who deſcribes the manners of nations with ſuch judgment, impartiality, and truth. His narrative is excellent; but it would have been ſtill more intereſting, had he condeſcended to introduce us to the acquaintance of his fellow travellers. I cannot ſpeak of the copious Hanway in like flattering terms: His travels might have been reduced to half the ſize, by depriving them of thoſe prayers, and thoſe impertinent and tedious harangues, with which he in every page fatigues our attention. Notwithſtanding the excellent character he poſſeſſed at home, I cannot help, in his travels, regarding him as a hypocrite, from the charges brought againſt him by a traveller his cotemporary.

THAT traveller is but too little known. Doctor John Cook was a man of penetration and learning; and his travels diſcover him to be a perſon of integrity and honour. An enemy to falſehood, he was eager to detect it in others, and ſo fond of truth, as to be named by that elegant author, the amiable Profeſſor Richardſon, *a writer of ſtrict veracity*. In his travels we poſſeſs the beſt view of the Ruſſian character, and of the nature of that government; and to men of knowledge his writings muſt be truly valuable. His ſtyle, it muſt be allowed, though ſimple and perſpicuous, is not decorated with the elegancies of language, but the utility of his remarks, and the goodneſs of his intentions, muſt be perceptible to all but the prejudiced and the ignorant. Thoſe parts of his travels which are exceptionable, might be eaſily amended, without diminiſhing

niſhing the value, or much of the ſize of his volumes. He conducts us in an agreeable manner along with him; entertains us with the picture of the good, the great, and the abandoned; and always endeavours to inculcate that honeſty is the firſt duty of man. Such a writer ought to be regarded with eſteem.

NUMEROUS are the writers of travels; but, from the deſcription of a few, we may learn the characters of them all. Profeſſor Richardſon, in his entertaining anecdotes, has given us ſome uſeful information, in a ſtyle beautiful, elegant, and conciſe. Mr Coxe is juſtly celebrated as a traveller, who pleaſes us by his entertaining narrative, while he, at the ſame time, opens to us a field of extenſive information. In ſhort, no branch of writing is more worthy of attention than the compoſitions of an accurate and intelligent traveller.

U.

[No. VI.] *Saturday, Jan.* 23. 1796.

> Liſt to a brother's voice, whoſe ſole delight
> Is ſleep all day, and riot all the night.
>
> FERGUSON.

A UNIVERSAL inquiry ſeems to be on foot to learn who or what I am. As nothing tends more to the ſale of a periodical publication than a knowledge of the author, I once had it in contemplation to diſfigure my eſſays with a full length drawing of myſelf, in order that my readers might know who I really was; and nothing hindered me from this undertaking but my having an unlucky ſquint in my right eye, and a large mole on my left cheek. Though I have no objection to be laughed at, yet the raillery I would have been perpetually expoſed to, and other circumſtances, made me drop this deſign. But, in order that all inquiry may ceaſe, I will give my readers a ſhort account of what I once was.

LET me inform thoſe ſweet pretty fellows who are beaus, that I once was as careleſs and thoughtleſs as they. With regard to thoſe thundering heroes, whoſe engagements have reſounded from one end of the city to the other, and who are regardleſs of the danger attending ſcaling

ling windows, breaking chairmen's heads, roaſting waiters, &c. let me aſſure the noble bloods I was once of their order. To thoſe younger brothers who eat their elder's victuals, take their names, dream and play billiards, I will be a ſteady friend, as they are the only claſs of *knowing ones* in this city. To the learned I have to obſerve, that I have read moſt authors, both ancient and modern, and that my curioſity once made me undertake a journey, to aſcertain the height of a particular hill in Scotland. And, laſtly, to the moſt magnanimous and illuſtrious Boar Club, let me addreſs myſelf, as I once had the honour of being in their ſty.

HAVING thus far ſatisfied the inquiries of my friends, I ſhall now proceed to give my readers a little information concerning the before-mentioned Society of Grunters. The chief perſonage of this ſty is ſtiled grand boar; they have a champion, an archbiſhop, a poet laureat; and, indeed, it would conſume a full page of my paper to enumerate the many reſpectable offices that are held in this club. In order that my readers may form an opinion of hog or ſty-hall, I ſhall give them a deſcription, ſo far as I recollect, of this extraordinary place. At the head of the room is fixed on the wall a glaſs caſe, in which is preſerved the head of a boar. Some people alledge that, to this head, they pay divine obeiſance. Be that as it may, on the table is placed a pig, which the hogs, ſtrange as it may appear, give ſuck to, or, what is the ſame thing, to uſe their own term, "feed." Here ſmoking tobac-

co,

co, drinking ale, and ſinging, are in high repute; and here indeed it would be dangerous to give a member any other appellation than that of "Boar." I once had the honour of being in the ſty, but, from the ſourneſs of my diſpoſition, or ſome other cauſe, we could not agree, and I verily expected to be made a ſacrifice to the pig. I had dreſſed myſelf in my beſt clothes, put on a new wig, which I got made for the occaſion, and, at the expence of this wig, I was glad to get off.

So far as I recollect, this Boar Club had an annual ſacrifice ſome weeks ago, when the pig, which I mentioned above, was offered up as a peace-offering, and ſome of the members of this ſagacious meeting were acting the part of boars. To roll in the dirt or mud, my readers all know, is the life of this animal; and it will readily occur to them, that this part of the ſervice would not be forgotten. Upon my firſt hearing of this club, I naturally turned up the heathen mythology to get ſome information, as I, no doubt, expected that, like the Bacchanalian Club, they would have ſome heathen deity to which they performed their nightly ſacrifices; but I could find nothing to ſatisfy me on this ſubject. A friend of mine alledges that they are a ſociety of aſtronomers; and his reaſon for this is, that they perhaps worſhip the great bear ſtar: "and another cir-
"cumſtance," ſays he, "that confirms me in this
"opinion is, their meetings being always held at
"night, which can be for no other purpoſe than to
"make obſervations on the conſtellations; and I

" am every day in expectation of ſeeing a new ſyſ-
" tem of aſtronomy publiſhed by this club." I my-
ſelf at one time ſuppoſed that they owed their ori-
gin to ſome weighty matter in the affairs of nations,
ſuch as the ſlaying of the great Caledonian boar;
but, upon more mature reflection, I am led to ſup-
poſe that it was founded by ſome Engliſhmen, whoſe
regard for hog's fleſh is well known. As this club
is made up of bloods of the firſt magnitude, I pro-
poſe, at ſome after period, (entirely for the informa-
tion of my country readers), to publiſh the witty
ſayings, ſongs, toaſts, &c. of the Boar Club.

T.

No. VII.] *Saturday, Jan.* 30. 1796.

Oaths, imprecations, hell, damnation, thunder!
I'll blaſt your eyes, and tear your hearts aſunder.

As ſwearing is now an accompliſhment practiſed by almoſt every rank of ſociety, I am in the hopes that the preſent age will give riſe to a profeſſorſhip in that art. From my frequent attendance at Poole's, I have learned the moſt faſhionable oaths; and, in order that thoſe perſons, who are ſtill ſo unfaſhionable as not to ſwear with grace, may be inſtructed, I ſhall give them a ſhort account of the manner to be adopted in uſing theſe genteel expreſſions; and I have ſo far reduced this to a ſcience, that, with the rules I may hereafter lay down, little Tommy from the nurſery will be able to cope with any gentleman of ten times his age, "in the ſtile military, "for inſtance, or ſwearing." I mean to publiſh a treatiſe upon it very ſoon, as my readers will ſee from the Advertiſement annexed to this paper; and I intend this winter to open a courſe of lectures for the more ſpeedy inſtruction of the Bloods, Bucks, &c. of the preſent age. I think it proper, however, to inform them, that I will not take in as pupils any perſons but gentlemen of fortune, as it is an accompliſhment which the poorer claſſes of mankind can eaſily diſpenſe with.

The firſt ſtep in this noble accompliſhment is "damn it." Now, "*dem me*" is the moſt genteel way of pronouncing it. Will Crape was, in his younger years, put as an apprentice to a haberdaſher in this city, where, for five years, he was ſeldom ſeen to laugh. Profit and loſs were the only conſiderations that weighed with him, and trade was the only ſpeculation in which he was engaged. A friend of his dying ſome time ago, left him in poſſeſſion, both of a good eſtate, and a conſiderable quantity of *duſt*. Will has now commenced Blood; and he finds trade below a man of *honour*, being of too hazardous a nature for him. Will being an old acquaintance of mine, I am frequently invited to dine with him, not for any regard he has to me, but merely to ſhow the great quantity of his diſhes, and the excellence of his wine. The laſt card I received from him is a model of perfection; and, as ſome of the Bloods of this city may be at a loſs how to addreſs their friends on a ſimilar occaſion, I here inſert it.

"Dear Dick,

"Dam'd droll fellow.—Dinner on the table.—
"Five.—Little Company.

Will Crape."

I met with him a few nights ago in Poole's, where he entertained me near an hour with a deſcription of a young horſe he had bought. Though he is able

able to ſwear on paper, yet he has not arrived at that eaſe in pronouncing, which marks a true *gentman*. For the faltering manner in which he pronounced "God dem me," convinced the whole Coffeehouſe he was new *ſet up*. Upon returning home from the Coffeehouſe, I ſat down to conſider if it was not a fit ſubject for taxation; and, from a calculation which I made, I found that a tax of that nature would produce more than any five taxes put together. So much has this idea engroſſed my imagination, that two nights ago I actually dreamed I had purchaſed a licence myſelf; and ſo far did fancy lead me, that I thought I ſaw perſons of every deſcription with a label on their hats, and "Licenced to Swear" wrote in legible characters. "*Dem me*" is now as much made uſe of by gentlemen in their converſation, as "My Lord" is by a lawyer in his ſpeech; and I am convinced, that, were oaths prohibited, the greater part of our men of faſhion would have nothing to ſay.

INSTEAD of the engaging manner of ancient times, nothing is now heard but imprecations. For this ſome time I have felt much for the ladies, as from being ſo much habituated to hear ſwearing, I am afraid they, in order to be in the faſhion, will ſwear alſo. But my fair readers will obſerve, that this, in them, will be no accompliſhment. Though the gentlemen have ſo far departed from the rules of good breeding as to ſwear in their preſence, it is ſincerely to be hoped that the preſent age will never arrive at that pitch of depravity, as to make ſwear-

ing in both ſexes faſhionable. I lately peruſed a comedy wrote by a young lady, wherein I am ſorry to ſay the only wit of the piece lay in ſwearing. I remarked that to her; and, although authors in general lend a deaf ear to any obſervations you make on their works, yet ſhe liſtened with ſome attention to what I ſaid, and committed it to the flames.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In the preſs, and will be publiſhed, ſo ſoon as five thouſand ſubſcribers can be got, a Treatiſe on Swearing, by Richard Maw-Worm, S. P.; wherein will be enumerated the great and many advantages attending gentlemen who are proficients in this art, and who wiſh to keep genteel company; and on Monday the 1ſt February he will begin his Courſe of Lectures on Swearing, in an elegant room fitted up by him for that purpoſe.

R.

[No. VIII.] *Saturday, Feb.* 6. 1796.

To the Trifler.

Sir,

Periodical Papers, it cannot be too often inculcated, were, at firſt, intended to convey amuſement and inſtruction, to pleaſe the reader by the variety and elegance of compoſition, and not to fatigue his attention by trite obſervations, or the conſideration of ſubjects which are of little uſe to mankind. It was, therefore, the peculiar aim of diſtinguiſhed authors, to diſplay the characters of men, or to enter into an examination of the principles of their conduct; and here every thing was pointed out, which might have a tendency to regulate their behaviour, or reform their manners. All deep reſearches into the general hiſtory of the human race were avoided, the philoſophy of the mind was too abſtruſe in its nature, and the great and ſublime truths of religion were ſeldom or never introduced: the chief object of theſe writings was to keep the heart free from the approach of avarice and cruelty by the tale of diſtreſs, to humanize the mind, or, by ſome pleaſing picture, to render it ſuſceptible of improvement.

YOUR many elegant predeceſſors have ſucceeded ſo happily in this ſpecies of compoſition, diſplayed ſo much learning and ingenuity, and ſo much knowledge of the intricate mazes of the human heart, that it almoſt precludes any further attempt; but, to proceed in the footſteps of theſe illuſtrious authors, is certainly attended with honour; and, although you make no pretenſions to originality, yet you have neither diſguſted the reader by your abſurdity, or rouſed his contempt by a ſervile imitation. All your attempts have been directed to amuſe and inſtruct him, and I am perfectly convinced that ſome of your papers have been ſucceſsful.

MANKIND have been ſo much accuſtomed to attempts of this nature, that their novelty has almoſt ceaſed to delight, and it is now with difficulty that a periodical author can excite the attention. Such a variety of inſtruction has been thus conveyed, and ſo many ſources of pleaſure developed, that little, in this beaten field, is left for a writer, by which he can hope to be diſtinguiſhed: on the one hand, he may, by the cloſeneſs of imitation, be regarded as a plagiary: or, on the other, run the riſk of fatiguing, by an unvaried ſameneſs, the mind of the reader. Not ſo in the infancy of learning, when men were emerging from barbariſm, and totally unacquainted with mental refinement. All the attempts of the writer were, at that time, favourably received, and certainly had the effect, in a wonderful degree, of influencing the mind. Then the bards poured forth the ſongs of ancient days, celebrated, in their untutored

tored ſtrains, the heroic deeds of their anceſtors, and fired the warrior with the deſire of martial glory.

WITH what rapture may we not imagine the poems of the ſublime Homer were at firſt received, when, in every ſucceeding age, they had the power of captivating the ſoul by their beauty and elegant ſimplicity; and have ever been the ſtandard of perfection, and the model of imitation, from which every author has extracted the materials of compoſition? In ſome parts of them we enjoy the moſt enchanting example of primeval ſimplicity, and, in others, we contemplate all the horrors of war: in ſhort, in the writings of Homer, we have before our eyes the moſt uſeful leſſons; we behold, clearly diſplayed, what we ought to ſhun, and, at the ſame time, we poſſeſs a moſt engaging picture of all that is deſirable. Since theſe poems are found at this day ſo replete with inſtruction, what effects would they not produce at that early period, when little was known, and almoſt every thing to be learnt? It muſt be a cauſe of amazement, that one mind, unaſſiſted by the labours of others, ſhould entirely, from its own reſources, produce ſuch a wonderful compoſition. What ideas muſt we not entertain of the genius and erudition of the Grecian bard?

BUT, in theſe uncultivated times, great was the reward of genius, and proportioned to the abilities of the writer: he obtained the applauſe of his country,

country, and his name was handed down with the higheſt praiſe to the lateſt poſterity. Whoever afterwards wrote in the ſame ſtile was, moſt undeſervedly, ranked as an imitator, although, perhaps, he had never ſeen the author he was ſaid to have copied; for mankind are, in general, ſo prepoſterous, that they are never inclined to believe that what occurred originally to one author, may, with the ſame eaſe, naturally flow from the pen of another. Thus the elegant and highly poetical Virgil has been moſt unjuſtly eſteemed one of the ſervile followers of Homer, only becauſe he has choſen the ſame ſubject, and embelliſhed it with thoughts and deſcriptions which are to be found in the writings of that ancient poet. If the praiſe for invention is taken from Virgil, the palm can never be denied him for accuracy of thought, and the moſt pure and elegant compoſition; for, to whatever he ſeems to have borrowed from Homer, he has imparted additional beauty. The poems of the latter are adorned by the rude and majeſtic touches of nature, but thoſe of Virgil ſhine with the ſerenity of celeſtial mildneſs.

The deſign of all theſe authors appears to have been good: the love of mankind ſeems to have been their predominant paſſion, and the deſire of improving their fellow creatures had certainly made a deep impreſſion on their hearts. For the attainment of this object no pains were omitted, and they were inceſſantly employed in the ſurvey of the manners of men. It was impoſſible for a few indi-

viduals,

viduals, however, to exhauſt this fertile ſubject: new manners were conſtantly taking place, and a boundleſs variety of characters was afforded; and hence ſucceeding writers had full ſcope for the exhibition of their genius. They had the labours of their predeceſſors to improve upon; but here there was much room for correction, and much remained ſtill to be added. In the early writers the imagination was moſt conſpicuous: they poured forth their ſtrains with the rapidity of a mighty ſtream, which, regardleſs of reſtraint, overflows its banks, bears away every thing before it, and preſents to our eyes one of the ſublimeſt ſpectacles. It was the taſk of ſucceeding writers to confine this ſtream to its proper channel, to adorn and beautify its banks, and make it graceful, by diſplaying its natural windings. Here the judgment was called into action, the principal requiſite of a writer; for, without taſte and judgment, compoſition would be deprived of its fineſt beauties, it would languiſh, and fatigue us by its inſipidity.

In Greece, the graces of compoſition were fully diſplayed in the works of Plato and Xenophon, the one renowned for the ſweetneſs and harmony of his periods, the other for the ſimplicity of his diſcourſe. In the works of Plato, eſpecially, the moſt excellent moral truths are inculcated, the love of mankind highly conſpicuous, and a deep penetration into human nature every where obſervable. It would take too much time to enumerate all the elegant Grecian writers who were engaged in the purſuits

ſuits of knowledge; the Drama, at one period, was the principal ſchool of virtue, and certainly had a conſiderable ſhare in the improvement of the manners. Then aroſe Sophocles and Euripides, in the writings of whom the moſt uſeful truths are to be found, and the fatal effects of ſome paſſions moſt beautifully pourtrayed. The comic writers were no leſs aſſiduous; for, in the plays of Menander, if we may judge from his imitator Terence, virtue was ſeen in all her lovelineſs, and all the urbanity of Grecian manners faithfully delineated; and, by the peruſal of ſome of his fragments, we will find, that he was no leſs capable, than the tragic writers, of melting the ſoul to pity. Ariſtophanes, by the ſeverity of his ridicule, taught mankind to diſcriminate betwixt the good and the bad, and, by his expoſing particular vices on the ſtage, certainly contributed not a little towards their improvement.

The progreſs of learning was much the ſame amongſt the Romans. Their writers compoſed in the manner of the Greeks, and certainly received much aſſiſtance from the peruſal of their works: the end was the ſame in both, the good of mankind. Horace, by the elegant poignancy of his ſatires, endeavoured to diſpel the miſts of prejudice; but this was attempted with the utmoſt urbanity, free from rancour, and untinged by the poiſon of malice. It was not till after-vices had entirely deformed the characters of mankind, that the ſtern muſe of Juvenal was called forth, and the rugged, but energetic ſtrains of Perſius compoſed.

The

THE writings of the Romans, during the flouriſhing æra of their empire, were chiefly diſtinguiſhed for elegance of language, and that noble ſpirit of liberty which breathed through the whole of them. The want of printing, amongſt ſuch a civilized people, muſt have been a loſs ſeverely felt; for, on this account, a great ſtop was certainly put to the diffuſion of knowledge; and they, therefore, ſeem to have had no writings ſimilar to thoſe which we denominate Periodical Papers. In thoſe times, the writings of the celebrated Roman authors muſt have been in few hands; and that knowledge, which is reported to have been ſo conſpicuous even in the meaneſt Roman, would be entirely the reſult of the Drama, or their attending ſo much to the pleadings of the public Orators. For, how could that people fail of being refined, who had the daily opportunity of beholding the plays of Terence, or liſtening to the voice of Cicero?

WHEN the Emperors of Rome loſt every reliſh for literature, and when they oppreſſed the people with their tyranny, then, and not till then, taſte began to be corrupted, and ignorance to make its appearance. For a long time, however, after this period, ſometimes a rare genius aroſe, whom all the efforts of deſpotiſm could not depreſs: he might, for a while, ſupport the tottering ſteps of learning, but all the exertions of his genius were unable to prevent the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. To the approach of licentiouſneſs and ignorance, the inroads of barbarians were added, and Europe

was

was ſoon overwhelmed with darkneſs. Amidſt the havock of war, and the fury of civil diſſenſions, the polite and elegant arts are neglected; and, during the dark ages, the little learning that remained was obſcured by Monkiſh ſuperſtition, or buried in the cloiſters. The minds of men, at that period, were entirely engroſſed by ſcholaſtic diſputations, in which no uſeful knowledge was contained, but diſputes concerning obſcure points of Philoſophy alone, or unintelligible theological tenets.

But, at laſt, after a long night of darkneſs, the miſts of ignorance were diſpelled, learning again began to flouriſh in the eaſtern parts of Europe, and gradually extended. The Polite Arts came firſt to perfection, and the Sciences ſlowly followed in their train. Mankind, once more, were deſirous of improvement; and learned and elegant authors ſoon appeared, who, by various means, were anxious to diffuſe uſeful information. Poetry poſſeſſed allurements for ſome; Hiſtory had charms for others; and thoſe were not wanting who choſe to cultivate the lighter ſpecies of compoſition. Periodical writings here had their origin. It would be vain to enlarge on their utility, for that is indiſputable; and the illuſtrious authors, who have thus been diſtinguiſhed, will ever be a teſtimony in their favour.

No. IX.] *Saturday, Feb.* 13. 1796.

Come, drink my boys, for thro' the town we'll roam;
We'll maul the watch, and then *reel ſober* home.

To the Trifler,

Sir,

I have obſerved, with extreme pain, the progreſs we have made in drinking; formerly, at public places, you might have met with a few ſober fellows, but ſorry am I to ſee to what a length this vice has been carried. I have an only ſon, Mr Trifler, whom I have brought up with all thoſe indulgences which a fond father would allow his child. He is now arrived at that age to which all parents look foreward, and from which they date either their happineſs or miſery. Drinking is a vice which I had once the happineſs of thinking he would avoid. I was one of a party of ſelect friends a few nights ago, and we had ſpent the evening with that innocent mirth, which few now ſeem to have in view. The fondneſs of a father led me to expatiate upon the reigning follies; and, that I might better illuſtrate my diſcourſe, I referred them to the ſobriety of my ſon. I had ſpared no ex-

pence in his education; and, as the boy had good natural parts, I vainly ſuppoſed the advice I gave him was not thrown away. He had gone out in the morning without acquainting me where he was going, or what he was about; and I had not ſeen him the whole day. While I was in the midſt of my diſcourſe, who ſhould enter but my ſon, ſo much intoxicated with liquor, that he was ſpeechleſs. You, Sir, will better conceive the pain I felt, than I am able to expreſs. To have heard that he had broke an arm or a leg, would not have given me half the pain. To ſee myſelf contradicted all at once with ſuch evident demonſtration, was what I was in no ſhape prepared for; and to ſee the hopes which I had formed, all at once blaſted by this imprudence, is what no language can paint. I carried him home, but, on the road to my houſe, I was met by his companions, who were not juſt ſo drunk. They were in high glee for a frolic, and to roaſt the *old put*, (for ſo they called me), was what they ſeemed determined on. I tried to prevail upon them to go home with me, where I promiſed them all beds for the night. One of them, rather drunker than the reſt, conſented, on the condition of my giving him my hat and wig. This I agreed to, in the expectation of getting them all home with me quietly. Another, ſeeing I had ſo eaſily complied with his brother's demand, requeſted the loan of my great coat. This I alſo complied with. A third muſt needs have my coat, but with this I could not agree. After I had been thus ſtript of my hat, wig, and great coat, I could get none of them to ſtir one

ſtep

ſtep till I would agree to go to a tavern. Ridiculous as all this may appear, yet, Sir, in this was I alſo obliged to comply, and to a tavern we all went. Wine was loudly called for, which was brought, and I was obliged to drink my ſon's health in five bumpers. I now perceived what they aimed at, which was to get me as drunk as themſelves, but I poſitively refuſed to drink a glaſs more. My ſon now began to grow a little ſober, and very warmly reſented the inſult offered to his father, which immediately broke up the meeting. Forth, therefore, we all ſallied to the ſtreet, and then commenced a ſcene, to the like of which I am hopeful I will never again be a witneſs. I at laſt reſcued my ſon from their hands, by ſlipping down an alley, and conveyed him ſafely home. I was however obliged to borrow a great coat from a chairman, to keep me from catching cold.

NEXT morning I called my ſon to me, and told him what had happened. He promiſed to give up all connexion with them; but, a day or two ago, he was brought home in a chair, with the windows all broke to pieces, and about a thouſand boys after him. I am now rendered completely ridiculous in the neighbourhood in which I reſide, and I have been obliged to take a houſe in a different part of the town.

Now, Mr Trifler, I have to requeſt that you will ſay ſomething upon this abominable vice, as my ſon will moſt likely pay more attention to public admo-

nition, than to all that I can ſay. Do, dear Mr Trifler, tell him what will be the conſequences if he perſeveres in that ſort of diſſipation. Tell him, that, unleſs he reforms, he will break the heart of his father, and that he is now imbittering the few days which he has to live; and which you, Mr Trifler, well know, are the days in which our children ſhould pay ſome attention to us.

I am, &c.

R. N.

THE above is related with ſo much ſimplicity, that I am afraid there has been more felt than is told. Of late, indeed, drinking has become ſo faſhionable, that few gentlemen ever attempt going to a public place till they have two or three bottles under their *belt*. They then are poſſeſſed of all the effrontery requiſite for cutting a *daſh*. To ſay rude things is now perfectly excuſable; becauſe, the anſwer that is uniformly given, is, "You know I "was drunk. Three of us drank ten bottles of "Port." But this never can be accepted of as an excuſe. For, to drink in that manner, ſhows plainly that it is only for drink the young men of the preſent age aſſemble. I am informed, that it has now become quite cuſtomary to drink in the *forenoon*. As a remedy for theſe evils, I mean to inſtitute a ſociety of cenſors, to meet at all public places, for the purpoſe of excluding theſe intruders. There are ſtill a few dull fellows that meet at the theatre,

theatre, to enjoy the pleaſure of ſeeing a play, and who would diſpenſe with the interruption that is thus given them. They will, therefore, be the moſt proper perſons to whom I can impart my deſign. It is ſimply this, that, whenever a Blood makes his appearance, "half ſeas over," he ſhall be laid hold of, and fixed in the moſt conſpicuous part of the houſe, there to receive the hiſſes of the audience, the only juſt acknowledgment due to ſuch extraordinary merit.

L.

No. X.] *Saturday, Feb.* 20. 1796.

WHILE Nadir Shach, that tyrannical uſurper, reigned in Perſia, thoſe beautiful plains, which might be compared to the gardens of Paradiſe, became a dreary deſert; except ſome vallies in the mountains of Caucaſus which were unknown, and almoſt inacceſſible to his troops. Theſe vallies are inhabited by a fearleſs race, who yet liſten to the voice of humanity; but, fired by a genuine love of liberty, they are the inveterate enemies of tyrants. Thus they have often braved and repelled the ſhock of the invader, and defied all the efforts of Perſia; even the victorious Abbas was forced to own their ſuperiority.

USMEI was the chief of one of theſe daring bands, and reſided in a valley where nature had been prodigal of her charms: The mountains of Caucaſus, its boundaries, were ornamented with all thoſe trees capable of pleaſing the eye by their beauty, or diffuſing a grateful odour by their fragrance. The orange, the lime, and the pomegranate, were liberal of their fruit. Streams of pureſt water fell in caſcades from the rocks, and, after beautifully meandering, formed a lake at the extremity of the valley. The cottages of the inhabitants, placed in different ſituations,

ſituations, afforded a pleaſing ſpectacle. Uſmei was beloved by his followers, for to the gentleſt manners he united a dauntleſs bravery; and, while he was unemployed in defeating the foe, his time was ſpent in hunting the antelope, which, on theſe mountains, is fleet as the wind.

Benareb was the lord of a neighbouring band: Venerable from the weight of years, his admonitions made a forcible impreſſion, and were peculiarly agreeable to the mind of Uſmei. To the cottage of Benareb he often reſorted; but, though he ſeemed to liſten with attention to the maxims of age, his ſoul was ſecretly enſlaved by the charms of the beauteous Zara, the lovely daughter of his friend. Zara was among the faireſt of women, for even the ladies of Circaſſia owned that ſhe was beautiful; every voice echoed the praiſes of Zara. Benareb ſaw with pleaſure the growing love of Uſmei, and already deſigned him to be the huſband of his daughter.

Bekovitch, a Circaſſian chief, had long been the admirer of Zara, and was filled with rage upon hearing that Uſmei was his rival. The ſoul of Bekovitch was dark, and had never been enlightened by the rays of goodneſs: all his intents were evil: his people groaned under the yoke of his tyranny. He was daſtardly as Uſmei was brave, and therefore little regarded by what means he accompliſhed his purpoſes. By him four ruffians were employed to aſſaſſinate Uſmei, while hunting in the mountains;

tains; but they all expired under the ſabre of this valiant chief.

FINDING his deſign diſappointed, he gave information to the cruel Nadir, who was at that time on the borders of Caucaſus, by what road he might enter the valley of Uſmei. The tyrant's troops ſoon appeared on the defiles of Caucaſus, but met with a deſperate reſiſtance from the forces of Uſmei and Benareb. Long they fought, and victory ſeemed doubtful, till the venerable Benareb received a deadly wound: he expired in the arms of Uſmei, recommending to his protection his beloved Zara. Oppreſſed by numbers, Uſmei was obliged to retreat: he fled to the cottage of Benareb to ſave the miſtreſs of his ſoul; but what horrors did he feel when he found ſhe was gone! In vain he echoed the name of Zara; no anſwer was made to his lamentation.

ALREADY the deſolating Perſian had entered the valley of Uſmei; the flocks became his prey, and the ſmoke from the burning cottages began to aſcend to heaven; when the diſtracted chief bade adieu to his native fields, to thoſe dear abodes where he firſt became ſenſible to love, and to the charms of Zara. Attended by a few faithful followers, he purſued a narrow path in the declivity of the mountains, reſolving never to give over the ſearch till he received tidings of the miſtreſs of his affections. In this manner he wandered for ſome days, till his companions and he were nearly exhauſted with fatigue. At laſt they arrived at a hollow glen, whoſe darkneſs

darkneſs gave them a diſmal preſage of ſome approaching danger. The ſhade proceeded from trees of a gloomy verdure, with which the rocks were clad; and the waters which rolled along ſent forth a ſound ſufficient to appal the braveſt heart. A cave appeared beneath a gigantic rock: they beheld a hoary hermit, who beckoned them to come forward. Uſmei approached the venerable man. He told the ſtory of his misfortunes, and was hoſpitably received by the ſage.

WHEN Uſmei and his companions had recovered from their fatigue, the hermit thus addreſſed him: My ſon, your misfortunes are but in their infancy, when compared with what I have ſuffered. But return to your native valley; ſummon your choiceſt warriors; attack the infamous Bekovitch; he is the worſt of your foes, and hates the name of Uſmei; it was he who bore away the weeping Zara.

USMEI returned on the wings of love: the Perſians had departed: his adherents had again taken poſſeſſion of their native abodes, and received their beloved chief with tears of joy. They all roſe in arms at his call, and marched againſt the tyrant Bekovitch. They attacked him on the borders of Circaſſia: he fell by the hand of the injured Uſmei. The joy of the brave and gallant chief cannot be deſcribed, when he found himſelf again in the arms of the lovely Zara. He was hailed as the deliverer of the ſlaves of Bekovitch, who wiſhed to have him for

for their chief; but he choſe rather to return to the valley of his fathers, there to live in happineſs with the daughter of Benareb.

To Richd. Maw-worm, Eſq;

Sir,

I am the younger ſon of a family who poſſeſs a pretty conſiderable eſtate in this country. Unfortunately, I have been bred to no profeſſion, and, from my attention having been allowed to remain unoccupied, I now feel that I can ſtudy neither one thing nor another. As I am at perfect leiſure to make obſervations upon the City at large, I ſhall be very happy to aſſiſt you with your paper.

I have been a trifler from my infancy, and the greateſt pleaſure of which I am ſuſceptible, is the trifling my time away. I trifle at the Theatre, at the Circus, and, in ſhort, in every Coffee-houſe I am at one time of the day to be found. In ſome future letter I will perhaps give you a ſketch of ſome of my particular acquaintances. I have unluckily got into a ſcrape, which I am ſure it will be in your power to take me out of. I have loſt a ſmall ſum at billiards---Do ſend me five guineas by the bearer, and you will confer a ſingular favour on your's,

Dear Trifler,

Dormant.

No.

No. XI.] *Saturday, Feb.* 27. 1796.

——— Longe fuge : ———
——— non hic cuique parcet amico ;
Et, quodcunque chartis ſemel illeverit, omnes
Geſtiet a furno redeuntes ſcire, lacuque,
Et pueros, et anus. ———

Hor.

To the Trifler.

Sir,

To give a lively picture of the follies of mankind, to point out the proper remedy, or to inculcate ſome great or ſtriking truth, was the original deſign of periodical papers. All who have read the claſſical Spectator, and his many elegant imitators, will acknowledge how conducive they are to the end in view; and it is known to every one how productive they have been of ſucceſs. I therefore hope that the following obſervations will be found agreeable, and upon the whole not devoid of entertainment.

When we contemplate the various paſſions and follies of mankind, we will find no one which more ſtrongly

ſtrongly takes poſſeſſion of the human heart than vanity. In our earlieſt infancy its effects are perceptible; and here, if not properly checked, it may lay the foundation of abſurdity and ignorance. Imagine to yourſelf a child that, from nature, has inherited the moſt ſhining abilities, but born with a ſoul ſuſceptible of praiſe; then, if the utmoſt care is not taken, its little heart will ſoon be affected by this enticing paſſion. When it has been brought up under the care of an aged parent or grandfather, who, with an affectionate eye, obſerves all its little actions, who early preſages to his darling future greatneſs, and cannot conceal even from the child itſelf his increaſing ſatisfaction, the little innocent is eaſily led aſtray, and quickly becomes ſenſible of its own importance.

As a perſon educated in this manner advances in years, his diligence is relaxed, and he becomes regardleſs of every reſtraint; but, that he may ſtill ſupport the former character he had obtained, has recourſe to low cunning and artifice, deceiving, with an erroneous opinion of his abilities, both the world and himſelf. And thus, by the too early indulgence of praiſe, one of the beſt diſpoſitions is ruined, and rendered for the future incapable of all uſeful exertion.

THE appearance of vanity in childhood, though afterwards productive of evil, does not at the time ſeem ſo diſagreeable as the ſame paſſion carried to any extent in an adult. How diſguſtful to ſee a perſon

perſon entirely occupied with the merit of his own performances, and in ſpite of every probability, cheating himſelf with the opinion that they are excellent; totally blinded to his own defects, though often with an eagle-eye he views the deformities of others! And the worſt is, that the vain man, notwithſtanding his defects are clearly diſplayed, is inſenſible of every rebuke, and remains altogether incorrigible.

In ſome, however, vanity is an harmleſs paſſion, rather diſagreeable to thoſe about them, than hurtful to themſelves. If a perſon deceives himſelf with the belief that he is happy, that he is poſſeſſed of wonderful qualifications, and that theſe are the ſubject of the admiration of others, he has ſo far obtained his end; for happineſs complete cannot at all times be expected in this tranſitory world. In this caſe we contemplate vanity in the moſt favourable and leaſt glaring point of view, there exiſting here for the moſt part ſome ſlight abilities to give a ſhadow of probability to his opinion.

It has been a matter of diſpute whether vanity is found moſt frequently amongſt the ignorant, or amongſt men of ſuperior knowledge. I apprehend moſt commonly amongſt the former; for certainly, wherever it is perceptible in an eminent degree, it is the characteriſtic of a weak and little mind; of a mind which, though partly conſcious of its own defects, yet has a ſtrong deſire to caſt a veil over them. The human mind, however, is ſo much di-

verſified in its different appearances, that we will not be ſurpriſed to find even men of the brighteſt talents poſſeſſed of a ſmall ſhare of vanity. We have often heard of Cicero, how pleaſed he was with his own qualifications, how fond of being praiſed, and how deſirous of his name and works being tranſmitted with the greateſt eclat to poſterity. Horace himſelf, though enabled to ridicule, in the moſt agreeable manner, the defects and vices of his cotemporaries, has openly deviated into this path; and his "*exegi monumentum*" will be to future ages a leſſon and a proof with what a partial eye mankind have always ſurveyed their own productions. The works of Cicero and Horace, it is true, are worthy of the utmoſt admiration; but it ſhows a degree of weakneſs, even in the moſt reſpectable characters, when we behold them, with ſuch ſatisfaction and conceit, ſetting forth their own merits.

A SLIGHT tincture of vanity we have therefore found apparent in ſome ancients of the moſt diſtinguiſhed literary endowments; but, at the ſame time, we have an opportunity of contemplating others of equal parts totally free from this paſſion. Need I mention the elegant Livy, or the modeſt and amiable Virgil? Theſe diſtinguiſhed characters, though poſſeſſed of the moſt genuine modeſty themſelves, always were proud, and in this their only pride conſiſted, of doing juſtice to mankind, by placing their virtues in the cleareſt light, and where it could be done, by rather throwing a veil over their defects.

VARIOUSLY

VARIOUSLY and much diverſified are the effects of vanity, which we obſerve in the actions of mankind; but I ſhall confine myſelf ſolely to a deſcription of thoſe perſons who pretend to a knowledge of any of the elegant arts.

IN the firſt place, let me ſuppoſe one who imagines he has a taſte for painting and drawing, and, in ſhort, who wiſhes to paſs for a connoiſſeur in theſe elegant arts. All his own collections are excellent in their kind, and his heated imagination raiſes them far above thoſe of the moſt celebrated collectors. If he paints or draws any himſelf, although his productions are of the moſt paultry kind, he never can take his eyes from them, or can almoſt never allow them for a moment to be out of his hands. Perhaps his friends, in order to pleaſe him, and ſatisfy this inordinate vanity, may beſtow ample praiſe; but, to this, from mere fatigue, they muſt ſoon put a period; and then our amateur immediately takes fire, imagines his friends are neglectful, and inſtantly holds them in the utmoſt contempt, as utterly deſtitute of taſte. It certainly muſt raiſe the pity of any rational mind to be a ſpectator of ſuch abſurdity; but, as a failing of our nature, we ought to pardon this in others, and conſider that we may be liable to ſimilar errors, although they are imperceptible to ourſelves.

IN certain characters, vanity is combined with ſome of the moſt ſhocking vices to which mankind are ſubject. Thus I have ſeen one or two of the

moſt depraved wretches, diſtinguiſhed for nothing but ingratitude, hatred, and malice, who were, notwithſtanding, poſſeſſed of vanity to the higheſt poſſible pitch. Perhaps one of theſe might imagine himſelf qualified to be a poet, although utterly unacquainted with the melody of language. The wretched ſtuff he has compoſed is generally levelled at the follies of mankind; for, being ſo profligate himſelf, he poſſeſſes extenſive ideas of what may be criminal in others; and, notwithſtanding that his verſes are utterly deſtitute of harmony and all poetical merit, in the opinion of their author they are excellent, and worthy of a crown even from the hands of Apollo.

In this manner the young ſcribbler feels himſelf affected, when he has had the fortune to produce a piece which meets with the ſmalleſt notice. It is quickly laid before his friends, with expectations of all that applauſe which its author imagines due. Before all companies it is read; and, if any, even moderate praiſe, be beſtowed, Scriblerus immediately compares himſelf with a Cicero or an Addiſon; and racks his diſtempered brain, that he may again trouble the world with one of his ſilly effuſions, which his own heart tells him to be on a par with the greateſt efforts of genius. His imagination, therefore, being inflamed with conceit, is rendered incapable of judging; and, owing to this, all his future productions are found deſtitute of merit. One diſappointment, however, does not frighten him; he continues, without ſucceſs, to peſter, with his

his nonſenſe, his acquaintances and every body elſe, till his temper becomes ſoured, and he acquires the manners of a miſanthrope.

I HAVE been intimate with Glorioſus almoſt from my childhood, and have therefore had many opportunities of obſerving his character. In his earlier years he was fond of miſchief, and was ever at the head of all diſturbances that aroſe in our infancy; for they could always be traced to this ſource. He was maſter of a heart, the moſt depraved, and, I will not ſcruple to affirm, capable of every ſpecies of wickedneſs. He early aſſumed the maſk of diſſimulation; and, by thus avoiding ſuſpicion, endeavoured to inſinuate himſelf into the ſecrets of others. His vanity was every moment increaſing, but he contrived to make his company agreeable, by the powerful aid of flattery; and none knew better than he how to direct it, or make it effectual. By theſe means, and the aſſiſtance of his own vanity, he is enabled to cover a multitude of vices; and is rather the ſubject of praiſe than of blame. By his great appearance of exertion, he has been regarded as almoſt a paragon of excellence. Not confined, however, to ſimple vanity, he has now become arrogant in the extreme; deſpiſing, with the moſt ſovereign contempt, thoſe who, if they had the talent of ſhowing it, are infinitely his ſuperiors.

I HAVE given, I fear, rather too minute a detail of the effects of this failing, which we find ſo uni-

verſally prevalent amongſt mankind; but it is only by theſe means that we can view it in all its deformity, and be more eaſily enabled to ſhun its attacks. I am,

SIR,

Your's,

U. CORREPTOR.

No. XII.] *Saturday, March 6. 1796.*

Quelle joie en effet, quelle douceur extrême
De ſe voir careſſé d'une épouſe qu'on aime.

BOILEAU.

TO THE TRIFLER.

MR MAW-WORM,

YOU muſt know, Sir, that I have travelled through the four parts of the globe from mere philanthropy; and, though I come under none of the *heads* of the famous Sterne, yet I flatter myſelf that my motives will be conſidered as far more praiſe-worthy than thoſe of my predeceſſors. Perhaps this ſincere acknowledgement of my merits will tickle the fancy of vulgar minds, by whom I may be ranked among vain travellers. But, regardleſs of the ſhafts of calumny, I appeal to your candour, Mr Trifler; and I am confident you will allow that the acquaintance with moſt ſciences and languages, with the manners and paſſions of all nations, gives a man the right to feel and expreſs his ſuperiority. I pity the folly of mankind, and have always endeavoured to do ſome ſignal ſervice to that nation among whom I had fixed my reſidence. My modeſty will not allow me

to

to give you a detail of what my knowledge and philanthropy have done for the good of my fellow creatures.

Now, Sir, I have been ſeveral months in Scotland, during which period I have had many opportunities of obſerving great ſocial evils; but, among all of them, none has affected me ſo much as the incredible number of matrons who never enjoyed matrimonial bliſs. I inquired about the cauſes of this evil; but, finding the reaſons adduced unſatisfactory, I endeavoured to inveſtigate the matter myſelf; and, after having collected a ſufficient number of facts, I came at laſt to its true ſource, and flatter myſelf I have found an adequate remedy.

A PROFOUND knowledge of women was neceſſary to attain my object, and ſuch knowledge I had acquired in my travels. During my ſtay among different nations, I have found as great a difference of character in men as of features. On the other hand, women have always appeared to me to agree in their diſpoſitions, however the ſhape of their perſons might vary. Whether under the Torrid Zone, or near the Pole, I have always found them the ſame as to their deſires. The lame Chineſe, the ſavage American, or the affected European, differ only in their opportunities of gratifying the paſſion that rules the whole. Vanity is the main ſpring of their actions. To ſee men proſtrate at their feet as ſlaves is the delight of women; thus they

they nouriſh their pride, and enjoy the pleaſures of adoration. In Scotland, particularly, their life is ſpent in dancing, ſinging, and in a conſtant gratification of their vanity; ſo that they avoid the chains of perpetual union, which preclude them from the pleaſures of expectation, and load them neceſſarily with cares they were utter ſtrangers to before. Expectation, with all its diſappointments, conſtitutes the chief delight of the ſpring of life. The ſhafts of Cupid are blunted by the cares of Matrimony.

How can it be ſuppoſed that ſprightly girls ſhould willingly become ſlaves to men who were theirs before, and now tired of ſerving, think it high time to exerciſe their authority when ſubmiſſion has gained their object? On the other hand, is it poſſible that young men ſhould not grow tired of loving, and gradually become nice in their choice of a partner, till at laſt they come to conſider Matrimony as *the way to keep him*; a ſure bargain; in ſhort, the means of getting a fortune.

But, if both ſexes kept their love for the married ſtate, then would the cares of Matrimony become pleaſing, and the tyranny of huſbands be changed into affectionate condeſcenſion. The adoption of the plan I am going to propoſe, may render ſuch a thing not only poſſible, but eaſy.

Let there be a meeting of all mothers, aunts, and grandmothers, for the purpoſe of petitioning Parliament to paſs an act for effectually putting a ſtop to

to the diſſipation of the times in Scotland; and, in caſe the Engliſh matrons chooſe to join them, an act may be more eaſily obtained, and be more generally beneficial. I exclude fathers from the meeting, becauſe, being no rivals, they often prefer enjoying the praiſes beſtowed upon their daughters, to ſeeing them out of their houſes. The old matrons have no concern with my propoſals.

Let the petition drawn up be to this purport:—"That your petitioners have, with real concern, ſeen the profligacy of the age. They have particularly witneſſed the reluctance which girls in Scotland ſhew to marriage, while they are always happy in the thought of dancing, playing, and ſinging with or before young men. On the other hand, young men prefer courting ſilly girls to matrimonial bliſs, dictated to us by the example of our firſt parents; therefore, we humbly conceive ſome act of the Legiſlature is requiſite to put a ſtop to the vices of the times, and to bring the golden age again to the land." The following enactments ſeem to us indiſpenſably neceſſary.

"*First*, Let it be enacted, that, from the 1ſt of January 1797, no unmarried woman in Scotland, under forty years of age, be allowed to dance, ſing, play, or otherwiſe indulge in any lovely diverſions, in the company of any unmarried men, under the penalty of being ſtyled *old* for the firſt offence, *ugly* for the ſecond, and to wear a label with theſe or any other epithets that may appear moſt proper, written

written upon it. *Secondly*, There ſhall be appointed a court of old married or widow ladies, for the purpoſes of hearing accuſations; and, after the verdict of a jury formed of the ſame deſcription of perſons, to pronounce ſentence againſt offenders, and reward old ladies whoſe informations againſt a pannel may prove true, with ſuch epithets as old ladies are beſt pleaſed with, ſuch as *handſome*, *charming*, &c. *Thirdly*, Married perſons of both ſexes may indulge in all kinds of mirth among themſelves only. *Fourthly*, Unmarried perſons ſhall wear ſome diſtinguiſhing mark of their condition, under the ſame penalties, to extend likewiſe to men, and the choice of them, provided they do not go beyond epithets or labels, to be left to the diſcretion of the elders."

If ſuch a plan ſucceed, have I not a right, Mr Trifler, to expect the thanks of the nation? Yes, I hope Scotland will have the generoſity to erect a ſtatue to the memory of unrivalled merit, and thus tranſmit to poſterity a proof of their gratitude, and of my worth. That the plan will ſucceed, I am confident, and therefore will begin to make out the genealogy of my family, (which, by the bye, is one of the moſt illuſtrious in Europe), for the gratification of thoſe whom it ~~may~~ concern. The arms of my houſe will likewiſe be tranſmitted to the directors of my ſtatue in due time. Meanwhile, I would recommend the principle of this propoſed act to all private families, in hopes of ſeeing marriage become, in a ſhort time, as faſhionable as the dancing Scotch reels,

reels, or wearing *no* waiſts. Though I conſider men as equally or more guilty, I have laid theſe reſtraints particularly upon the fair ſex, becauſe, by the foregoing enactments, they will be eaſily managed; while the advantages of old matrons, as to informing or puniſhing, ſtand unmatched among us; beſides, the greater eaſe with which we can evade laws, would counteract any direct clauſes againſt our ſex.

HOPING to ſee my plan put in execution *pro bono publico*, and that my motto ſhall become applicable to every perſon, I remain,

Your's,

COUNT BRAGADOSCIO.

Dumbreck's Hotel,
February 3.

No.

No. XIII.] *Saturday, March* 13. 1796.

Ye ſlaves of paſſion, and ye dupes of chance,
Wake all your pow'rs from this deſtructive trance!
Shake off the ſhackles of this tyrant vice:
Hear other calls than thoſe of *cards and dice.*

GAMESTER.

TO THE TRIFLER,

SIR,

NEAR the cloſe of a delightful evening in Autumn, when I was on a tour through ſeveral counties in England, I halted at a ſmall inn, a little way from the road ſide, where I was neceſſitated to put up for the night, being informed that I was yet at a conſiderable diſtance from any place where I could be more genteelly accommodated. In every ſituation I endeavour to make myſelf as comfortable as poſſible; I therefore entered into converſation with the landlord, a facetious good humoured fellow. Among other particulars, he told me of an old gentleman, generally ſuppoſed to be dumb, who reſided in the neighbourhood, with only one attendant, to all appearance as ſilent as his maſter; and that it was about five and twenty years ſince they came to that part of the country, and purchaſed the piece of land on which they now lived. As there was ſomething very ſingular in the landlord's ac-

count of this gentleman, it awakened my curioſity a good deal; and, during the night, I fell upon various ſchemes to caſt myſelf in his way, and, if poſſible, bring him into converſation, if he were not, as the landlord ſuppoſed him to be, really dumb.

I AROSE early next morning, and purſued a path towards a wood, about a quarter of a mile diſtant, where I was informed he frequently walked; and had ſcarcely time to contemplate the various beauties of the ſurrounding ſcene, when I ſaw, at ſome diſtance, a reverend looking old man advancing. From the deſcription, I immediately knew him to be the perſon I ſought. We paſſed each other, and, at the ſound of my footſteps, he raiſed his eyes, which were before fixed on the ground, and diſcovered a countenance ſtrongly marked with melancholy. I ſaluted him with my hat, which he returned; but appeared to have almoſt forgot the way to do ſo, and ſeemed a little ſtruck to meet a ſtranger of my appearance in that place, and at ſuch a time. I purſued my walk through the wood, my mind being wholly occupied with the idea of the venerable ſtranger, till I came to an extenſive lawn, where ſeveral cattle and ſome flocks were grazing; and, in a little time, the old gentleman again made his appearance at a conſiderable diſtance on the lawn. He ſat down to take a little reſt at the foot of an old tree, but had not been long in this condition, when a furious bull made at him with all its might, from which he endeavoured to ſave himſelf in vain. The ſtranger would certainly have received

ceived ſome material injury, had I not quickly run up to the place, and, by cracking my whip, and bellowing as loud as I was able, obliged the bull to betake itſelf to flight. To my great ſatisfaction I found that the old gentleman had received no hurt, but returned me thanks in the moſt polite terms for the timely aſſiſtance I had given him, which, without doubt, ſaid he, has ſaved my life. I requeſted he would make uſe of my arm to help him home, there to compoſe his ſpirits after the fright he had ſuſtained. He did ſo, and, in a ſhort time, we reached his habitation, which was moſt romantically ſituated. I would then have left him, but he inſiſted I would ſtep in and take a ſhare of what the houſe afforded.

AFTER a chearful breakfaſt, the old gentleman, finding no inconvenience from the fright he had ſuſtained, and as we turned inſenſibly fond of each other's company, gave me the following account of his life, and the reaſons which induced him to live in ſuch a ſequeſtered ſituation: "My father," proceeded the gentleman, "was the youngeſt ſon of a very reſpectable family in the ſouth of England, and enjoyed a poſt under government, which yielded him a ſmall but genteel income: at the age of thirty-five he married my mother, the daughter of one of his father's tenants, whom he tenderly loved; but, upon the news of the marriage coming to his father's ears, he immediately expelled him his preſence, and forbade him ever to enter his doors. He continued his diſlike to my father till the day of

his death; and, upon opening his will, it was found that he had left him for his fortune, one ſhilling. The fruits of this marriage were myſelf and a daughter, ſhortly after whoſe birth my mother died. Our firſt education was moſtly ſuperintended by our father, and about my twelfth year I was put to Eaton ſchool, where I made pretty good progreſs. My father wiſhed me to follow the profeſſion of the law, but this was far from being agreeable to me, who, in my earlieſt infancy, had imbibed the ſtrongeſt deſire for a military life. Thus little diſputes would often ariſe betwixt us, in which my ſiſter would join, and recommend me to agree with my father's plan, that I might ſecure a comfortable independance, and live more happily, than by following the dangerous profeſſion of a ſoldier. All their arguments, however, were of no avail; for I had ſcarcely reached the age of ſixteen, when I eloped from ſchool, and went over to the Continent, where our army was at that time commanded by the Duke of Cumberland. I immediately entered a volunteer in the —— regiment, and was preſent at the famous battle of Fontenoy, where I had the honour, along with two or three privates of our regiment, to reſcue a pair of colours from a party of French, and was immediately preſented with an Enſign's commiſſion by the commander in chief. Some time after, the company to which I belonged being ſtationed at an outpoſt, was ſurpriſed by a party of the enemy, and we were driven from our ground, with the loſs of half of the men killed and wounded; among the latter was the captain, who received

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a ſhot in the thigh, and would have infallibly fallen into the hands of the enemy, had not I ventured my life for his reſcue, and carried him off. He ſoon got better, and from that time henceforth a ſtrict friendſhip commenced betwixt us. In a ſhort time after, a promotion took place in our regiment, on account of the many brave officers who fell at that unfortunate battle of Fontenoy, which made my friend the Major of the regiment, and me a Lieutenant.

"About this time my father died and left me 1500l., with the like ſum to my ſiſter, who was now placed under the protection of an old maiden lady, a diſtant relation of the family.

"The regiment being very much reduced by ſickneſs and death, was ſent home to recruit; and, now that we had little duty to do, and no enemy to fear, we gave looſe to that extravagance and diſſipation, which too much characteriſes the Britiſh army. Among other vices which were practiſed by the officers, that of gambling ſeemed the principal; and it was ſometimes carried to ſuch a height, that it often aſtoniſhed me. As it was a vice of all others I moſt deteſted, it was a great while before I could be prevailed upon to join in any party, even for amuſement; but, by little and little, ſtrange as it may appear, I inſenſibly grew fond of it, and, from one ſtep to another, began to play as deep as any of the reſt, although I generally came off with loſs, being by no means ſuch an adept in the ſci-

ence, as ſome of my brother officers. Before I proceed farther, it is neceſſary to tell you, that my friend the Major was by far the keeneſt and moſt ſucceſsful gambler in the regiment, and, whether loſing or winning, never diſcompoſed a muſcle of his countenance.

"I now found myſelf involved in conſiderable pecuniary embarraſſments, which it was both my duty and inclination to pay. I was, therefore, under the neceſſity of borrowing upon my fortune, (for I was not yet of age), at an exorbitant intereſt, and diſcharged them all, reſolving never to touch a card or dice box again. Would to God I had kept by that reſolution! But, to ſhorten my ſtory, I broke through it, and plunged deeper into that vice than I had done before, although, at the ſame time, I moſt mortally hated it in my mind, yet had not the fortitude to give it up, always hoping to retrieve my loſſes, and vainly ſuppoſing that the next throw would give me back my laſt ſtake. Thus, it is very frequently with the human mind, when in purſuit of that which it knows to be wrong; and it has often been matter of ſurpriſe to me to obſerve a perſon endowed with reaſon following after a vice which he deteſts, and whoſe conſequences he is at the ſame time aware, will draw him into diſagreeable embarraſſments, if not to utter ruin. But to proceed, I was one night ſupping at the lodgings of a brother officer, where were ſeveral others, among the reſt the Major, and after ſupper and a chearful glaſs,

glaſs, cards were introduced, when we all began to play with more than uſual avidity. Fortune favoured me at firſt, and I had gained a conſiderable ſum, when ſhe ſuddenly veered about, and, ſuch was my infatuation, I ſoon found myſelf debtor to the Major in upwards of 500l. Sterling. As it was a ſum which I was by no means able to pay on the moment, with a ſort of ſullen deſpair I gave him my note payable the day following. I could not handle another card; the idea of having thrown away all my patrimony and the ſcanty ſubſiſtence a Lieutenant's pay would now afford me, inſtantly ruſhed upon my mind, and I ſtarted up quite frantic, ſwearing I had been cheated, robbed, and did not come to my recollection till I ſaw the Major ſtanding before me with the moſt cool indifference, and aſking me what I meant? I anſwered only by drawing my ſword, he did the ſame, and before any of the gentlemen could interpoſe, I had run him through the body, and he inſtantly expired. One of the officers adviſed me immediately to leave the country; which advice I did not think proper to refuſe, but immediately ſet out, and next day arrived at a ſea port town, where I embarked on board a veſſel bound for the Continent, and inliſted into the Imperial ſervice, for I could do no better. 'Twas there I learned the hardſhips attending the life of a private ſoldier; but it is not my intention to ſpeak of them at preſent; ſuffice it to ſay, I went through more real miſery during the eighteen years I was in that ſervice, than I thought it poſſible for me,

me, or for any human conſtitution to bear. Shortly after my arrival on the Continent, I got hold of an Engliſh newſpaper, by which I was informed that I was broke for deſerting my regiment, and outlawed for killing my ſuperior officer. The idea of being an outlaw from my native country ruſhed upon my mind, and tears ſtarted at the recollection. The love of my country was always uppermoſt in my breaſt, and I never ſaw a Briton but I wiſhed to take him by the hand, and was always diſappointed if I did not get him at leaſt ſpoke to. I had now ſaved a little money, and to return to my native country was my ardent wiſh, even under my preſent diſagreeable circumſtances. Having, therefore, on account of my long and faithful ſervices, obtained my diſcharge, I came over to England under a borrowed name, where I immediately enquired for my ſiſter, but, to my inexpreſſible ſorrow, I found ſhe had died ſome years before that, leaving me, in teſtimony of her regard, 1200l., which, with intereſt, now amounted to a conſiderable ſum. With part of that money I purchaſed this houſe and piece of land; and having accidentally fallen in with the ſoldier who attended me in quality of ſervant when I was in the Britiſh army, and upon whoſe fidelity I could implicitly depend, have lived ever ſince in the moſt retired manner, and have always affected to be dumb, that I might not be troubled with impertinent viſitors."

HERE the old gentleman ended, of whom I took a moſt tender farewell, after having thanked him for his intereſting narrative, and proceeding to the inn, purſued my journey.

I am yours, &c.

N.

No.

No. XIV.] *Saturday, March* 20. 1796.

Non his juventus orta parentibus
Infecit aequor ſanguine Punico,
Pyrrhumque, et ingentem cecidit
Antiochum, Annibalemque dirum.
Hor.

From the earlieſt traces of the hiſtory of mankind, we will find that a diſtinction of ranks has always prevailed; and this was originally founded in merit. Mankind, it is true, ſprung all from one ſource, from the hand of the Creator, and therefore are all equal in their nature; but, that a more pleaſing variety might be afforded, they were endowed with different abilities. In the earlier ages men were long in the dark, and muſt have poſſeſſed but a ſmall ſhare of knowledge: improvements are not haſtily made, and it was long before genius came to maturity. Knowledge can never be obtained in a moment, and it requires ſteady and attentive application to bring it to perfection; to be juſt, it muſt depend on the teſt of experience, and this alone muſt be the work of ages.

But, even in the rudeſt times, there were ſome men who roſe ſuperior to the reſt, diſtinguiſhed either

ther by their genius, their amiable manners, and parental affection, or by their military talents. Hence aroſe the leaders of different tribes, or the patriarchs of old: Some of theſe their virtues, or the goodneſs of their lives, raiſed to this diſtinguiſhed ſtation; others, their love for war, and the abilities diſplayed in conducting an army to battle. Among a rude and ſavage people it is evident, that military glory muſt have been the principal path, by which reſpect and admiration were acquired. At that time civilization was almoſt unknown, and the elegant manners diſplayed during the ſunſhine of peace and tranquility, had no opportunity of appearing: the wants of mankind were few, but their animoſities were frequent, and whoever, in theſe caſes, had moſt courage and addreſs, obtained a greater ſhare of renown.

When, however, individuals of genius and parts made their appearance, their countrymen were not inſenſible of their merit: the good which accrued from their abilities was eaſily perceived, and they were held in deſerved eſtimation even by an uncultivated people. Merit was here the baſis of honour, and without it none could hope to ſucceed. A wide field was diſplayed for the exerciſe of emulation, which was productive of the happieſt effects: unfettered by the reſtraints of arbitrary power, or the frowns of regal dependents, genius was not cruſhed in its birth, but had room to ſoar. In theſe barbarous ages military talents were moſt valued, but the inventors of the uſeful arts were far from

from being deſpiſed; and although they might not, during their lives, meet with the rewards they merited, yet their names were handed down to poſterity with honour. Frail and fleeting is the glory acquired in war, but laſting is the fame of uſeful inventions.

According to their abilities, and the variety of theſe, mankind were differently rewarded. Thoſe who had talents to command were inveſted with ſupreme authority; for this office was the reward of genius and abilities. The prince was aſſiſted in his deliberations by the moſt illuſtrious and able men of the nation, who had been raiſed to diſtinction by their virtues, or the ſervices they had rendered to their country; and here we may date the origin of nobility.

In regal governments theſe were the perſons who led the armies againſt the enemy, and who held the principal offices of the ſtate; and by theſe means they obtained grants of lands, which ever afterwards remained in their families. They, at firſt, acted in a moſt endearing manner, and by the juſtice which they obſerved in the affairs of the people, and from the ſervices they rendered to their prince, were long objects of regard. While they acted in a way ſuitable to their dignity, their poſſeſſions were continually increaſing, their power was becoming more great, till the people at length became their humble dependents, and entirely ſubſervient to their commands. In this manner they were

were the principal ſupport of the throne, and it was the intereſt of the prince to countenance their oppreſſions; and, wherever this is the caſe, the wrongs of the ſubjects will be eaſily overlooked.

In the earlier ages of Greece and Rome, the conduct of theſe illuſtrious perſons preſents us with the moſt beautiful examples of every thing worthy of imitation: there unſullied honour and the utmoſt integrity are highly conſpicuous. Regardleſs of their own affairs, the intereſt of the ſtate, or the good of their country, alone occupy their thoughts; and they deſired nothing more ardently than to promote the happineſs of ſociety. In times of war, while they led their countrymen to battle, they ever marched in the front of danger, and were the readieſt to meet the foe. To ſerve their country was the ſummit of their hopes, and no toils, however hazardous, were ſhunned, if this was their object. In peace their minds were no leſs employed in providing for the exigencies of the ſtate, in relieving the diſtreſſes of the people, or diſtributing impartial juſtice. Greece could boaſt of the valorous and intrepid Leonidas, who, at the paſs of Thermopylae, bravely ſacrificed his life, in retarding the march of the deſpotic Perſian. The virtues of Ariſtides have been tranſmitted to our times pure and unſullied; and the juſtice of his conduct has reflected more honour on his name, than the moſt glorious victories could have done. Cincinnatus was a native of Rome: free from the deſtructive paſſion of ambition, he divided his time equally be-

twixt the care of the ſtate and the management of his fields.

In the ſame manner the nobles of Britain were once the pride of Europe: while thoſe of all other nations were obſcured with ignorance, and a prey to debauchery, they alone made it appear that they were deſerving of their ſtation. Ignorance at that time was confined to the lower claſſes of the people: it was the early ſtudy of our nobility to become thoroughly acquainted with the beauties of literature; and at the ſame time that they were the moſt learned, they were likewiſe the politeſt of men. Pride, it muſt be allowed, was a part of their compoſition, but it was not a paſſion which made them look on the reſt of mankind with contempt; it rather gave them an idea of themſelves, taught them the true nature of their dignity, and was intimately blended with the milder paſſions of mercy and humanity. There was indeed a certain appearance of grandeur diffuſed over all their actions, but although this was calculated to infuſe awe for their perſons, it was far from being hurtful to the people.

In this conduct there is ſomething praiſe-worthy, and a proper field is diſplayed for our imitation. But now, alas! how much is the face of things reverſed! No more are our nobles deſirous of renown. Forgetful of the behaviour of their anceſtors, they give themſelves up entirely to the meaneſt vices: loſt in debauchery, the ſentiments of honour are ſtrangers to their breaſts, and, in place

place of the native dignity of their fathers, they have ſubſtituted nothing but a haughty inſolent demeanour. I would be far from aſſerting that the whole of our nobles have thus degenerated: I hope there are ſtill many to be found who are the ornaments of their diſtinguiſhed ſtation. But how pitiable it is, to behold the repreſentative of a noble family, forgetting the virtues of his illuſtrious anceſtors, and by every action ſullying the honours they had acquired!

ASTATHES was the ſon of an illuſtrious family. In his younger years, he had been reared with all that attention and refined delicacy, which is but too much the cuſtom of the great; and hence, inſtead of acquiring the more amiable virtues, his mind was tinctured with a haughty pride, and an indifference for all the ornamental parts of education. That he had taken ſome pains in ſtudying the writers of antiquity has often been aſſerted, but that their ſentiments made little impreſſion on his heart, will be evident from the ſequel of his ſtory. His heart was ſometimes tender; and when rouſed from a dream of pleaſure, or recalled from the boſom of debauchery by reflection, he would, at times, feel a momentary ſatisfaction in relieving the miſerable. But theſe ſtarts of caprice were few, and ſeldom occurred; they, however, became the vehicle by which his friends echoed his fame. By them his compaſſion, and the generoſity of his heart, were extolled to the ſkies, and they fooliſhly miſtook for virtue, what was alone the effect of a capricious

mind. That compaſſion which is incumbent on us all, was magnified with the fondeſt praiſe, and thoſe vices which deform the human race were overlooked and forgotten.

At an early period of his life, Aſtathes was ſent abroad on his travels, under the direction of Iatrus. He was ſtill young, and was yet capable of receiving good impreſſions; but although Iatrus was poſſeſſed of ſome abilities, he was an improper perſon to ſuperintend the education of Aſtathes. This governor had only a few pretenſions to learning, and by many was eſteemed a man of parts, on account of a certain vivacity, which is often the portion of the ignorant, and is rather the characteriſtic of a confined than a cultivated underſtanding. His converſation was agreeable to Aſtathes; and as the melioration of his fortune depended on the friendſhip of his pupil, it behoved him to be very ſubſervient to his pleaſures. What a pity it is, that, for ſuch conſiderations, the happineſs of any ſhould be ſo materially neglected!

Several years were ſpent on the continent, in travelling from one court to another; and, during all this time, Aſtathes chiefly diſtinguiſhed himſelf by a liſtleſs indifference for every thing he ſaw: The beauties and the curioſities of nature had no allurements for him, and the converſation of the learned and ingenious was deſpiſed. But although he was thus regardleſs of the chief end of a foreign education, he openly gave way to the pleaſures of debauchery;

debauchery; and, among all the nobility of Britain who were then abroad, none was more profuſe than the diſſipated Aſtathes. Provided Iatrus retained the favour of his pupil, he gave himſelf little concern about the irregularities of Aſtathes; for his own principles cannot be commended, and he was no enemy to pleaſure.

At his return to his paternal eſtate, our young nobleman was fully verſed in all the vices and frivolities of other nations; but his ideas were confined, and it was evident he had reaped little advantage from his travels. No object worthy the attention of a gentleman could ever take poſſeſſion of his thoughts; the company of the moſt illuſtrious he ſhunned, and he had little or no regard for men of underſtanding. His time was ſpent with the moſt worthleſs and deſpicable wretches, and in thoſe *refined* amuſements of horſe-races and cock-fighting, he placed his ſupreme delight; his company was alone ſought after by thoſe who had no character to loſe, and who hoped to profit by his follies. At a time when others had ſcarcely reached the meridian of life, the body of Aſtathes became emaciated, and his ſoul, contaminated by his vices, was now in no better ſtate than the frame it inhabited. He was, however, regardleſs of the opinions of mankind, and unhappily imagined that his actions were above controul; but, although he himſelf might deſpiſe the cenſures of the people, he ought at leaſt to have had ſome regard for the memory of his anceſtors.

The eyes of Aſtathes were not inſenſible to the allurements of perſonal beauty, but this alone was what he valued; the charms of the female ſoul were diſregarded by this degenerate nobleman, and the elegancies of love he never knew. Forgetful of the moſt amiable of women, of whom he once was enamoured, he is now held in the chains of the infamous Laſcivia. This woman's beauty is wholly external, for her mind is enſlaved by the moſt deſpicable paſſions: ſhe domineers in an inſolent manner over the abject Aſtathes, who, fallen a prey to extravagance and diſeaſe, has almoſt dwindled into nothing.

To hold out ſuch a picture to the view may not be unuſeful; it affords us a leſſon which ought not to be neglected, that too early indulgencies lead to infamy and miſery. The path of rectitude can alone enſure our happineſs, and lead to ſolid greatneſs; and whoever, like Aſtathes, proſtitutes thoſe talents he received from nature, muſt be beheld with deteſtation.

U.

No. XV.] *Saturday, March* 27. 1796.

------Bet the long odds.

HOLCROFT.

A ſpider's loome now weaves her thinne attire,
Through which the roguiſh tell-tale windes
Do frolicke as they liſte!

VORT. AND ROW.

RICHD. MAW-WORM, Eſq.

DEAR DICK,

I BY accident happened to ſee one of your numbers, wherein the laſt letter I wrote you is inſerted. However much ſome people may wonder at it, and although you hold it up to the multitude as being a ſtrange compoſition, yet I maintain that it is ſtrictly good in every reſpect. I do not pretend to be ſo learned as you are, yet I can pretend to think that the card I allude to will bear the ſtricteſt criticiſm. Laying all theſe things aſide, however much you pretend to criticiſe the times, yet I can't help thinking you was eyeing the performers' legs in the Circus with particular attention t'other night, more than I thought you ſhould have done. But I forget, perhaps you was looking on with the eye of a philoſopher.

philoſopher. No, upon ſecond thoughts, it was impoſſible. Ha, old boy! you think I did not ſee you.

I'LL tell you what, I am very much entertained with the Circus. The pony races are grand beyond all conception. A thought ſtruck me, a few nights ago, that, were a large Theatre or Circus, or whatever you chooſe to term it, built on ſome large common, we might have races through the whole year. But I will let you into a ſecret; I have taken up a knowing one for a race, to be run by ourſelves before the Circus cloſes: What think you of that? I think my plan is a good one; and, I believe, with a little more attention, I will ſoon be one of the moſt *knowing ones* on the turf. Since the pony races commenced, I have been a conſtant attender of the Circus, and on Tueſday night I bet M'Donald againſt the field. He is ſtaunch.—I won. On Monday I take the grey pony againſt M'Donald. This is a long letter, more ſo than ever I expected to write you.

BY the bye, I muſt tell you, that I have lately been admitted a member of the RAW FLESH CLUB, which, you know, is compoſed only of firſt rate Bloods; I therefore requeſt that you will not preſume to ſay a word againſt us in any of your papers, if you wiſh to remain any longer in the good graces and acquaintance of

WILL. CRAPE.

I HAVE been conſidering my friend Will's plan, of erecting a large riding ground for that *noble* amuſement horſe-racing; and, I believe, were a plan ſet on foot by ſome noble Duke, that a ſubſcription to that effect would ſoon be filled up. It would be of ſome conſequence in one reſpect, that, if any gentleman or lady were to take a bet to ride their own horſe, the prying eyes of the public would thus be excluded; or, perhaps, it might turn to good account in the way of taxation. For I would propoſe, that a certain number of tickets ſhould be ſold for admittance to theſe ſports, and that if any gentleman, chooſing to put himſelf on a level with his groom, ſhould ride his own horſe, that, for the firſt offence, he ſhould pay fifty pounds, the ſecond one hundred, and ſo on.

BUT, if any lady preſumed to ride her own horſe, that ſhe ſhould, on the contrary, be highly rewarded. I think that riding in women, (begging the Spectator's pardon), is a moſt elegant accompliſhment; and I alſo think that the mean cares of a family are below a woman of faſhion's notice. Indeed, in this opinion am I confirmed by a female correſpondent. As ſhe is the firſt I have had ſince the commencement of my paper, I ſhall inſert with pleaſure her letter on the preſent ſhort bodied gowns.

MR TRIFLER,

SIR,

HAPPENING lately to read ſome numbers of your periodical publication, I obſerved ſeveral ſly alluſions to the preſent faſhion in the female world, of wearing ſhort waiſted gowns, evidently tending to bring that elegant and commodious dreſs into diſrepute. As you have aſſumed the office of ſuperintendant in matters of this kind, your opinion may be of ſome weight with the public. I therefore beg you will not pronounce it raſhly, where the queſtion to be determined is of ſuch importance to the Caledonian fair, both in point of ornament and utility. My ſentiments differ very widely from yours on this ſubject, and I would hold myſelf inexcuſable, were I not, by all the means in my power, to put you on your guard againſt ſuch inſinuations in future.

PLEASE then be informed, Sir, that I am a married lady, and have been ſo for ſome years paſt. It is not the whim and caprice of the moment which makes me ſo ſtrenuous an advocate for this flowing graceful dreſs. No, I have long conſidered the ſubject of dreſs with that attention which is natural to our ſex, and have always been of opinion, that the fewer ceintures and bindings, and the more looſe and eaſy it is, ſo much the more is it conducive both to health and beauty. In this view,

ſhort

ſhort bodied frocks are certainly far preferable to any other mode of dreſs I have ever ſeen. It is not, I repeat it, a momentary whim which makes me think ſo. I have been invariably of the ſame mind, even when the current of popular opinion ran ſtrongeſt againſt me, when the public taſte was ſo perverted, that a woman was thought a hideous figure, if not "cut in two by the middle like a "waſp." The conſequence of this caſe was inevitable; numbers of our fineſt women fell daily ſacrifices to the tightneſs of their ſtays, which were generally laced as hard as female ſtrength could make them. Their bodies were disfigured, their health completely ruined, and thus they diſappointed themſelves of that admiration, which was the object of all their anxious cares, and which they certainly would have commanded, by allowing nature to have its courſe. If we follow her dictates we can ſcarcely go wrong, and theſe certainly point out, as the moſt convenient, as well as graceful, that dreſs, which leaſt obſtructs the functions of the human body, which allows it the uſe of all its members free and unincumbered.

I HAVE ſomewhat of the philoſopher in my compoſition, Mr Trifler, and often conſult my own conveniency more than the opinion of the *haut ton*. In wet weather, for inſtance, I ſometimes wear boots, and my petticoats much ſhorter than uſual. I know well that I am thought a little eccentric on this account; but there is no help for that. Of two evils I chooſe the leaſt, and endeavour, as far

as

as my example can go, to introduce an alteration in the female dreſs, which is very convenient, and, in my opinion, not unbecoming, were it ſanctioned by cuſtom.

But, perhaps, you are one of thoſe who ſneer at the idea of philoſophy in petticoats. I ſincerely hope, however, you are not ſo narrow-minded; and, even though in this I ſhould be miſtaken, that circumſtance will have little influence in preventing me from telling you my mind freely, for I know enough of the rights of women to deteſt the ſelfiſh diſpoſition of ſuch as would confine the knowledge of our ſex to the ſphere of domeſtic œconomy. I have told you, I think, of my boots and ſhort petticoats. I would have you know, farther, that if I found breeches more convenient than petticoats, however much I might be talked of, I would wear them in all time coming, conſcious that example is better than precept. Remember my caution, and oblige,

Yours, &c.

Rebecca Queer.

No. XVI.] *Saturday, April* 3. 1796.

At tu, dum primi floret tibi temporis aetas,
Utere, non tardo labitur illa pede.

TIBULL.

TO THE TRIFLER.

SIR,

THE delineation of particular characters has been always found of ſome utility; and, as there are few people who do not bear ſome reſemblance to others, the picture of theſe characters, however whimſical, may have ſome effect in producing a reformation in the conduct of men. From this conſideration, I am induced to give you ſome account of my friend Aſinius, which, though utterly diveſted of the graces of ſtyle, will, I hope, poſſeſs ſome merit, in being a faithful picture taken from nature. It muſt, above all, be peculiarly acceptable to you, Mr Maw-worm, as it exhibits to the view a notorious Trifler.

NATURE had certainly endowed Aſinius with ſome abilities, which, by a proper education, might in the end have raiſed him to diſtinction, and ena-

bled him to hold a conſpicuous place among mankind. During his earlieſt infancy, he was committed to the care of one of his relations, a perſon who had been once a man of genius and learning, but who was now deſcending into the vale of years; and here he met with too much indulgence, which was the primary cauſe of his future miſconduct. His guardian, it muſt be acknowledged, had the happineſs of his pupil always in view: He early inſtilled into his breaſt the love of virtue; and was conſtantly, during their walks, pointing out to him the beauties of nature, and explaining, as far as the child's capacity would allow, the cauſes of things, or endeavouring to make him comprehend the wiſdom of that power by whom they were all put in motion.

YOUNG Aſinius would liſten with the moſt marked attention to this diſcourſe, and was early filled with the higheſt veneration for his guardian, which he ever afterwards retained. He looked upon him as of a ſuperior nature, and placed the moſt unlimited confidence in every thing he advanced. The old man, it is true, was afraid of the bad conſequences of adulation, and, therefore, was ſparing of praiſe, but always, on beholding any new inſtances of the child's ingenuity, his approbation would be diſplayed in too ſtrong a manner to eſcape even the penetration of Aſinius. Here he firſt began to have a favourable opinion of himſelf; but this alone could not have been prejudicial to him; it was rather

ther calculated to act as an incentive, by which his abilities might be more fully brought into view.

THE infancy of Asinius was spent in the country, where he acquired a love for retirement and solitude, and a distaste for the employments of the busy world. Groves, woods, and streams, at an early period, had taken possession of his imagination, and, for him, the crowded city and the walks of men had no charms. He was naturally modest, and this was increased by seclusion from the world, almost to an evil; so that he never entered into company but with uneasiness.

WHILE he staid in the country, the servants of his guardian, to pay court to their master, loaded him with caresses, were continually echoing his praises, and thus inflated his young heart with arrogance and conceit; and, however inconsistent it may appear, these passions were combined with modesty, which soon degenerated into bashfulness; and, although he was continually stimulated to exert himself by the former, all his attempts were rendered abortive by the latter. This was soon perceived by his friends, who, apprehensive of the event, determined to send him to school, as a proper way to counteract the evil.

HERE he made considerable progress, was generally esteemed an ingenious boy, and for the space of some years conducted himself with propriety. He had the misfortune, however, to become the

favourite of his maſter, who treated him with the utmoſt kindneſs, and applauded all his actions, although perhaps unworthy of applauſe. His friends and acquaintances viewed him with ſatisfaction as a pattern of induſtry, for he had the wonderful talent of prepoſſeſſing people with an high idea of his abilities.

HAVING thus trifled away his time for a few years, he was ſent to college with the character of a lad of parts and learning, who had a very conſiderable knowledge of the claſſics, though in reality he poſſeſſed a very incompetent ſhare. Fortune was ſtill his friend; for here, by the appearance of cloſe attention, he obtained the character of a ſcholar, with the ſame eaſe as thoſe who ſtudy night and day. But, although he was a Trifler, to ſay he was fond of diſſipation would be wrong; reading had many charms for him, but it was that ſpecies of reading which requires little ſtudy, and which affords the young mind rather amuſement and delight than inſtruction. He was fond of romances, and the relations of travellers, when theſe were written in an intereſting manner; but, however ſtrange it may ſeem, his converſation ſhowed that he was far from being unacquainted with hiſtory. This knowledge he had certainly acquired at different times, and in a deſultory manner, for he never had the power to read any book to an end.

HIS heart was far from being bad, his notions of propriety had been obtained from the beſt ſource, and

and he naturally poſſeſſed the utmoſt abhorrence of vice. His affections were warm, and none had more inclination to relieve the pangs of diſtreſs, for the very ſoul of tenderneſs ſeemed to have been breathed into him. But, notwithſtanding this, he was inſenſible to reproof, and in him the ſpirit of contradiction was inherent; for, whatever opinion he once adopted, whether right or wrong, he was reſolved never to yield up. This was the ſource of continual uneaſineſs to him in the earlieſt part of his life; but, as he grew up, he was enabled to cover this defect, by keeping a profound ſilence when any of his own opinions were broached; and, therefore, had many friends, who admired him for his unaffected modeſty, and the quietneſs of his diſpoſition.

THE intentions of Aſinius were good; he had ſome deſire for improvement, and was always forming plans for the regulation of his future conduct. When he looked behind, and ſaw the years he had paſſed in idleneſs and folly, he was perfectly aſhamed, and reſolved to bring about an amendment. New reſolutions were formed, and he ſet out with ardour, fully determined to fulfil every reſolve; but, he was ſo unfortunate as conſtantly to break them, after having for a little time punctually obſerved them. He ſtill imagined he had many years before him, during which he might obtain all his deſires; but theſe paſſed away, like the former, without beſtowing any thing but additional remorſe.

He was prompted, by the inſtances of his friends, to betake himſelf to the ſtudy of one of the learned profeſſions; and this he performed for ſome years; but his progreſs here was very inconſiderable. Inſtead of peruſing thoſe large volumes, which were calculated to afford a knowledge of law, the ſcience he meant to ſtudy, he was ſecretly enamoured of the writers on the Belles Lettres. To them he devoted almoſt every part of his time; and was never more happy than when in a large library, ſurrounded by his favourite authors. By the help of a good memory, he, at laſt, was able to read ſome of the writers of antiquity with eaſe; and to this he joined a knowledge of the more common languages of Europe. He could thus always find entertainment in a library; for, from ſome books which coincided with his own taſte, he derived much entertainment, and of many ſcientific books he had a curſory knowledge, from having read the title pages, and the heads of the different chapters; for nothing gave him more pleaſure than thus ranſacking books he had never ſeen.

Very much diverſified are the paſſions of men: Nothing but diſſipation and every ſpecies of debauchery can pleaſe ſome; the love of money and every thing elegant is natural to others; and there is another ſet to whom retirement and ſolitude are moſt agreeable. The variety of the paſſions and deſires of mankind is infinite; and every one has his own particular foible. Aſinius had many foibles, and his love for books was the moſt predominant.

nant. To enter into an old library, where he had the opportunity of seeing rare and curious books, was a pleasure he thought preferable to every other enjoyment. There I have known him remain for hours, regardless of every concern, and even forgetting the calls of hunger: while running from one book to another, and collecting any thing curious, he found himself perfectly happy, and envied not the world, or all its greatness.

When that period arrived at which he ought to have entered into business, he was conscious to himself he was unqualified for the task, and his bosom was filled with the utmost anxiety. He regretted the time he had trifled away, which must never return, and he blamed himself severely for what he had lost in frivolous amusements. A thousand times he wished he had been born with an antipathy towards books; and that painting, of which he was extremely fond, had always been disagreeable to him. He had at last a sight of his folly, but it was now almost too late to reform.

Uneasiness had, in this manner, preyed on his mind for some months, during which he was incapable of forming any resolution, being plunged in the deepest distress, when he was informed of his guardian's death, by which he became the possessor of a considerable estate. This was an event totally unlooked for, and no other interposition could have saved Asinius. After paying the last duties to his guardian and benefactor, he set out for the country,

try, reſolved to bid adieu to the world, and live afterwards in ſolitude.

When a perſon unexpectedly becomes maſter of an eſtate, his ſentiments are generally changed; Aſinius therefore eaſily ſhook off his former awkward modeſty, and, although he intended to live in the country, did not refuſe to viſit thoſe of his neighbours who were worthy of his acquaintance. Here he ſoon became enamoured of the beautiful and elegant Fidelia, and they were in a little time united. This lady's mind was as beautiful as her perſon, and by her converſation and elegant manners he was much reformed. It was impoſſible to change his nature; but, by her care and attention, many of his faults were overcome. His library and pictures ſtill retain much of his regard; but he now applies himſelf to the management of his eſtate; is charmed with the manners of the amiable Fidelia, and ſeems to lead a life of happineſs.

It gives me the ſincereſt pleaſure to ſee Aſinius happy; for, notwithſtanding all his faults, I cannot refrain from regarding him with affection. In his hiſtory, however, we have an example of the dangerous conſequences of an unſettled diſpoſition, which continually roves from one ſubject to another: But, although he was fortunate at laſt, this cannot be hoped for by every one; and, from a conduct ſimilar to that of Aſinius, miſery is rather to be feared, than happineſs expected.

H. PHILOLERUS.

No.

No. XVII.] *Saturday, April* 10. 1796.

VIRTUE's an ingot of Peruvian gold,
SENSE, the bright ore, Potoſi's mines unfold;
But TEMPER's image muſt their uſe create,
And give theſe precious metals ſterling weight.
HAYLEY.

NOVEL reading is now the only taſte of the day. Volumes upon volumes are heaped up, and the ſubject through the whole of them is love. The underſtanding in its earlieſt infancy is vitiated, and nothing but the romantic will ſucceed. By this reading being the only thing moſt attended to, the firſt ſtep that Miſs is taught is how to read a novel with eaſe. She, after having coned over the raptures which the fictitious admirers have painted to her, immediately falls in love. She pitches upon a young officer as a fit hero to fall in love with, and paints to herſelf all the beauty of perſon in him that is deſcribed in the novel ſhe has been laſt reading. The ſame misfortunes that brought about the ſpeedy and everlaſting happineſs of Franzel and his Lucy, ſhe thinks are unavoidably neceſſary to conſtitute the happineſs of her life. Her father, now diſcovering that ſhe is arrived at that age when impreſſions are ſoon made, ſends her off with all haſte to a boarding

boarding ſchool. And this in her opinion is exactly ſimilar to the caſe of the laſt novel ſhe has read. He is then, in her opinion, a moſt cruel oppreſſor; and nothing can ſet her free from his tyranny but an elopement. Her mother ſhe dare not liſten to, for her advice is always contrary to what ſhe means to do. Cooped up in a boarding ſchool, ſhe learns all the pride and ſelf-conceit of a woman of quality. She is taught to look on the men with the utmoſt contempt; and, by means of the novels and her governante, her mind, though naturally good, is ſoon corrupted, and her imagination being thus diſtempered, ſhe ſees nature, as ſhe ſuppoſes, in brighter colours than either her acquaintances or friends; and goes to an aſſembly for the purpoſe of wounding every pretty fellow that may make his appearance. Inſtead of being taught that ſweetneſs and complacency which are the firſt great requiſites to make the married ſtate happy, ſhe, by this vitiation of taſte, is taught to conſider men as ſlaves, brought into the world for no other purpoſe but to do as they are bid; and, with a frown, ſhe thinks ſhe can kill every man ſhe ſees.

Having learned ſinging, dancing, and painting, ſhe comes home to her father's houſe, with her brain ſtuffed full of the harmony of Madame Concerto's ſinging, the elegance of Mr Hornpipe's dancing, and the happy relief of the fore and back ground, with great imagination diſplayed in the diſpoſal of Mr Pencil's figures. A huſband is now ſought anxiouſly after by her friends; and Mr Wholeſale is pitch-

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ed upon, as being a good *likely man*, with plenty of money. He is accordingly introduced to Miſs; and ſhe is taught to lay before him all her accompliſhments. He is made a judge of what he is utterly ignorant. He offers terms; the jointure is too ſmall, and his ſuit is diſmiſſed. A lady, by this means, in his opinion, is no better than a bale of goods, likely, by ſome qualification or other, to turn to a good account. By accident, he is again introduced to Miſs, who chides him for his long abſence. He, fond ſoul, is quite enraptured, and conſents to any terms rather than loſe the *delight of his ſoul*. The firſt ſix weeks of marriage glide away in one continued round of diſſipation, and ſhe imagines that all the pleaſures, a lively imagination had repreſented, are now in her poſſeſſion, and that her future life will be a ſcene of happineſs. But ſoon ſhe finds the cares of matrimony come like an April froſt, and nip the buds of all her joys. Her ſinging is now for little other uſe than ſoothing over young maſter to ſleep; her painting is for no uſe; and her dancing days are now no more. Her temper is ſoured, and her poor huſband is the victim of her ill nature. Home is now the place of continual diſcord and diſorder. Her love was all laviſhed in her youth, while at the boarding ſchool, and ſhe finds that for her huſband ſhe never had any regard. Such are the miſerable proſpects that matrimony now affords; and from one ſquabble to another, a ſeparation is at laſt agreed on.

I SHOULD

I SHOULD be ſorry to make my readers believe that it is thus with all married perſons. Some there are, who, deſpiſing the follies of faſhion, rear up their children in a way to enſure them at leaſt as much happineſs as this life can afford.

SANTON was the friend of my younger years; he had viewed the faſhion in its proper light, and he conſidered only as much of the preſent mode of education neceſſary, as would enable him to continue an intimacy with the friends of his earlier days. His fortune was ſmall, but, by honourable œconomy, he rendered himſelf independent. Arabella was the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, whoſe fortune was ſuch, that he coped with the leaders of the faſhion in his part of the country. Balls, aſſemblies, and entertainments conſtituted the chief enjoyment of his life. While Arabella was in her infancy, her mother died; and of her loſs ſhe had never felt the want, as her father brought her up with all that paternal affection which, in ſome parents, conſtitutes the chief happineſs of their lives. Santon, in his perſon, was captivating, and his converſation was at all times agreeable. As he was her immediate neighbour, he had frequent opportunities of ſeeing and admiring his Arabella. A paſſion imperceptibly begun, ſoon ripened into love; and, after the uſual propoſals on his part to her father had been accepted of, they were united; and to view them in their marriage, loved and loving as they were, afforded a picture of felicity, which few in that ſtate attain. Bred up as Arabella was, in thoſe ſcenes of gaiety

and

and diſſipation, the good ſenſe of Santon ſoon won her affection to more laſting enjoyments. Santon has come to town this winter, accompanied by his Arabella; and he confeſſed to me, that, for the firſt fortnight he was engaged in the faſhionable rounds, he was almoſt tempted to take a houſe in town. "The novelty of the city has now worn off," ſays he, "and I find that the ſecond fortnight has produced the ſame amuſements, and what we have acted at this aſſembly is what we have to perform at the next; and, (as Shakeſpear obſerves), all the world's a ſtage, and all the men and women therein merely players." Such is the obſervation of a man of ſenſe and of taſte; but his taſte, I muſt confeſs, differs very much from that of which I have taken notice. A few good novels make a part of his library; but I never yet could obſerve one of the preſent "batch" in his collection. Good order and good humour are a principal part of the education of his family; and a pleaſanter family, or more entertaining huſband and wife, are not to be found in the country in which they reſide, than Santon and his Arabella.

R.

No. XVIII.] *Saturday, April* 17. 1796.

To the Trifler.

Sir,

I am one of thoſe dull fellows who go to the Theatre merely for the pleaſure of ſeeing the performance, and not with the intention that actuates moſt of the preſent age. In former times, Mr Trifler, you will have read, that the Pit was ſet apart particularly for what is generally termed the Literati; the Boxes for the Ladies and pretty fellows; another part of the houſe has been marked off, ſince ever I was a frequenter of the Theatre, for the frail ſiſterhood; and you know well, that the gods hold a diſtinguiſhed part of the houſe.

On Saturday laſt, Mr Trifler, I went to the Theatre, with the intention of ſeeing performed a new play, called Speculation. But, ſo great was the ſpeculation in the Pit, that I was obliged to remove to the Boxes; there the clatter was ſo loud, that I was next forced to take up my quarters with the frail ones. I had not been long there when a ſquabble enſued, and I fled to the gods. In that place, indeed, there was a marked attention to what was going forward, and, I am ſorry to ſay, it was there alone

lone where ſeemed to lie the whole judgment of the houſe.

In the time of the Spectator, you know, the celebrated trunk-maker was the perſon who led on the applauſe; and I muſt ſay, that a perſonage, with but half his judgment, would give ſome dignity to our Theatre. I do not here mean to give any criticiſm on the play; it has paſſed the London audience, and that is enough; but I cannot help thinking, that either there was little juſtice done it by ſome of the actors, or it does not merit that applauſe which was beſtowed upon it by the audience. So affecting was the meeting betwixt Captain Arable and Emmeline, that the poor Captain was quite overpowered; he could not even move forward to claſp the tender fainting fair one in his arms.

But I have been ſtraying from the ſubject with which I firſt ſet out. I meant to point out ſome method for keeping the audience within the rules of decency; but, inſtead of that, I have been criticiſing the play. I think I read in one of your papers that you meant to inſtitute a club of fellows, to keep in order thoſe Beaus and Bloods, who, new from the nurſery, do not know how to behave themſelves. If ſuch was your intention, I ſhall be happy to give you my aſſiſtance. I propoſe that there be poſted in the Pit two or three of our ſociety, to beſtow applauſe where it is merited. I next propoſe that the Box-keepers be appointed aſſiſtants, or rather that they ſhall be empowered to put out thoſe intruders,

who, regardleſs of all decency, ſally forth with the determined intention of diſturbing every perſon around them. I ſay that thoſe pretenders to genteelity ſhall, inſtead of being placed in a conſpicuous part of the houſe, be expelled it altogether. To be conſpicuous is what they chiefly aim at; and were you once to indulge them with a conſpicuous part of the houſe, the numbers to be puniſhed would daily increaſe.

I HAVE taken up more of your time than I at firſt intended; I will now lay down a few ſketches of what I think, with the aſſiſtance of one or two more, might be eaſily accompliſhed. 1*ſt*, That every gentleman who ſhall pretend to diſturb the audience, whether drunk or half-drunk, be immediately put out. 2*d*, That the right-hand high boxes be ſet apart entirely for the frail ones, and that any gentleman who is ſo void of decency as to gallant any of that ſiſterhood, in the preſence of modeſt ladies, ſhall be put out. And, 3*dly*, That there be placed a trunk-maker, or ſome ſort of a retainer of the muſes, in a part of the houſe, to commence applauſe when it ought to be beſtowed; that every ſilly fop may not have it in his power to diſturb the audience with his hiſſing and noiſe; that you, Mr Trifler, may have it in your power to puniſh or reward any perſon who applauds where wrong, or hiſſes where right. I am, &c.

EDINBURGH, 17th Feb. 1796. SOBRIETY.

I SHOULD

I SHOULD be very happy if it was in my power to contribute any aſſiſtance to Mr Sobriety; but I am afraid the evil he complains of has already gone too great a length for any ſociety whatever to bring it under. I was in the Theatre on Monday laſt, when the immortal Shakeſpear's Lear was performed. Even this intereſting piece had little effect on ſome part of the audience; for, frequently during the night, it was interrupted by the drunken ſallies of impertinent viſitors. From the obſervations which I have made, I am now ſatisfied that nothing will inſure peace to the Theatre but the interpoſition of the legiſlature; and I am convinced the manager would find his account, in bringing to public juſtice ſome of thoſe *gentlemen* who continually infeſt his houſe, and other public places.

TO THE TRIFLER.

SIR,

I AM a gentleman of ſmall but independent fortune, and not having been able to fix upon any particular ſtudy, or rather employment, I for a long time languiſhed in that inactivity which incapacitates the whole body and mind, and which, if allowed to go too far, totally annihilates, if I may ſay ſo, exiſtence itſelf. I have for theſe number of years lived in a very retired ſituation, in a diſtant part of Scotland, and it

is accident alone which has brought me again to the metropolis. Shortly after my retirement, I became acquainted with the parſon of our pariſh, a good well meaning ſort of a man, and a moſt paſſionate admirer of antiquity. He brought me, as it were, from the gates of death, by removing that inactivity in which I had long indulged. He took me out with him, and proceeded to inform me of the hiſtory of our own pariſh. He led me down coal-mines, in order to inſtruct me, as a naturaliſt, what lay hidden in the womb of nature. He made me acquainted with the ineſtimable value of every curious foſſil and ſhell; with a farthing or a boddle almoſt deſtroyed with ruſt, I was paſſionatly in love; and of every thing monſtrous that I ſaw I longed to be maſter. In ſhort, Sir, I have filled my houſe with minerals, foſſils, ſhells, and every thing wonderful, that can entertain the naturaliſt, the antiquarian, or the philoſopher. My garden is filled with broken ſtatues, disfigured tombſtones, not intelligible to any perſon but myſelf, and the parſon of the pariſh, who, within theſe few months, has paid the debt of nature. For a ſhort time after his death, I found little entertainment in the ſearch after *virtù*, as he had at all times a certain ſomething along with him that made every thing agreeable in which we embarked. In turning over thoſe ruſty farthings, which coſt me ſo much trouble in collecting, I now find no amuſement, as I want my friend to conduct me through that labyrinth in which I am often bewildered. Diſguſted with the country, I have now, as I told you before, come to town, merely through accident;

accident; or, rather, as I have totally loſt that reliſh for my former amuſement, I have come to Edinburgh to try and wear off the languor into which I have again ſunk.

As my only amuſement ſince I came to town has been to travel through the bookſellers ſhops, I accidentally became acquainted with your work. I have viſited ſeveral of the public places, but I have now as little reliſh for the diſſipations of the preſent times, as I have at home from the peruſal of my old collections of antiquity.

In ſhort, Sir, I am diſguſted with almoſt every thing I hear and ſee. I have formed a ſet of opinions peculiar to myſelf, and have become eccentric through my long want of acquaintance with the world. Tell me, Mr Trifler, what will awaken my imagination, or, for heaven's ſake, point out a new field to me for inquiry.

Politics at this moment are the only table-talk wherever I go. With both parties I am equally unacquainted; and which ſide of the queſtion to take, is what puzzles me beyond expreſſion. Do, dear Mr Trifler, tell me if that will rouſe me from the liſtleſſneſs into which I have fallen? or tell me now diſguſted as I am with both the world and myſelf, if I go back to the country, will my former amuſements give me the ſame pleaſure I formerly experienced?

Cleophas.

I feel

I FEEL myſelf highly flattered by Cleophas thus publicly aſking my advice; and, as it is a matter of ſome conſequence, I would recommend to him to remain ſome time longer in town, to frequent public places, get introduced to genteel company, and, if poſſible, ſhake off ſome of that ruſt in which he has been incruſted for ſuch a number of years; for which purpoſe, let him give as much of his company as he can ſpare from his other amuſements to ſome of his fair country-women, whoſe engaging qualities, and innocent *tète a tètes*, will give him a new poliſh, and make him perfectly another man from what he has yet been. I would have wiſhed to be informed whether or not Cleophas was ever in love? If not, I have no doubt of his amendment; but, if he has, and yet continued in his ſtate of torpidity, his caſe is deſperate.

R.

No

No. XIX.] *Saturday, April* 24. 1796.

Nor held it ſin to caſt a private glance
O'er the dear pages of a new romance;
Eager in fiction's touching ſcenes to find
A field, to exerciſe her youthful mind:
The touching ſcenes new energy impreſt
On all the virtues of her feeling breaſt.

HAYLEY

To the Trifler,

Sir,

I lately had the pleaſure of peruſing your obſervations on novel reading, where, though the remarks in general are good, I was not a little ſurpriſed to hear *you*, a profeſſed Trifler, diſapproving ſo harſhly of that moſt engaging ſpecies of trifling. In ſome few caſes, perhaps, it may have been productive of thoſe evils you mention, but not in all. The greateſt men who have appeared in the world have turned their attention to this ſubject; where, in their opinion, the wideſt field was diſplayed for the improvement of life, and the melioration of the heart. For in this ſpecies of writing the ſublimeſt truths can be conveyed, and the moſt uſeful maxims inculcated.

Nor

Nor can it be enumerated among the refinements of a luxurious age alone; for, by the wiſeſt of the ancients, this has not been neglected: attempts of this nature may be found even in the writings of the divine Plato; and what is the Cyropædia of Xenophon but a ſimilar attempt? Thus we have the ſanction of the greateſt of the Greeks; and amongſt the moderns we may enumerate ſome of the beſt and moſt religious writers; for the names of Johnſon, Hawkeſworth, Marmontel, and Fenelon, will reflect honour on whatever ſubject they have embelliſhed with their pens.

The chief objection you make to novels is, that in them the paſſion of love and all its bewitching effects are placed in too ſtrong a point of view; but what paſſion can be more properly diſplayed than that which we inherit from nature, and which is the parent of all that is amiable? I would only object to their being intruded on the attention at too early a period, before the mind has been fully ſeaſoned with more uſeful inſtruction; and it ought to be the care both of parents and guardians to prevent this, as well as to make choice of thoſe to be read.

I know it is too often the caſe, and it ought to be lamented, that the young mind is directed to ſeverer ſtudies, where no relaxation is permitted. This, indeed, to ſome minds, has been known to be productive of the moſt wonderful effects; but it cannot be expected in every caſe. The mind would become

become oppreſſed, it would loſe a reliſh for every enjoyment; and by thus being confined to ſerious ſtudies alone, would become diſguſted with all. Is it not better that our minds ſhould have moderate exerciſe, by being delighted and inſtructed at the ſame time, than be eternally obliged to tread the ſame dull round, without a ray to cheer, or ſunbeam to enlighten the path?

HARSH and rugged would this conduct be even towards the male ſex; but that the ladies, the inſpirers of every joy, at whoſe approach all cares depart, ſhould be confined ſolely to gloomy ſtudies, is ſo unnatural, that my ſoul revolts at the idea. It may be alledged, indeed, that hiſtory and poetry afford ample ſcope for the employment of every mind; but here the imagination cannot remain forever, it muſt be relieved; and what can afford more amuſement than the peruſal of a well written novel? In it the various ſcenes of life are diſplayed, and here the mind receives uſeful leſſons for its future conduct.

LET me for a moment repreſent to you a woman whoſe reading has never extended any farther than hiſtory or poetry, without being acquainted with any of the ſcenes of life; her knowledge muſt be very confined, and ſhe will be much at a loſs when ſhe makes her appearance in active life. For a woman to have no idea of any thing but what has paſſed between kings and ancient heroes, muſt render her knowledge of mankind very limited; whereas,

as, by the perusal of a good novel, she may with ease acquire ideas of common life, which will be found of far more utility than the most accurate knowledge of wars, treaties, or deaths of the greatest princes.

Far, very far would I be from confining the active mind to this kind of literature alone; an ample fund of instruction and amusement may be always obtained in reading the page of natural history and biography, in the latter of which a considerable knowlege of the characters of men may be obtained. The perusal of the letters of the ingenious may be of service; but they are not altogether capable of producing the good effects arising from a first rate novel. In it we have mankind in all their various shapes presented to our view; the bad we, for the most part, see punished, and the good rewarded. Although I allow there have been many bad novels written, I still think there are many good ones, from which a proper selection may be made; and, where this is the case, there can be little danger.

Some ladies I have seen, who never read a novel, but despised the idea of it. Were these ladies possessed of superior understanding? Very far from it; they, for the most part, had never read any, or had no relish for literature of any kind, but passed their time in a constant round of dissipation, either hearing or retailing scandal. But the mind accustomed to novels, if it has acquired no more, is at least inspired

ſpired with generous ſentiments, and rendered incapable either of committing a baſe action, or of injuring, in the ſlighteſt manner, the reſt of mankind. It riſes ſuperior to vice, and if it has a fault, it is only that of being ſuſceptible of the moſt amiable weakneſs.

HERE the human heart learns to ſympathiſe with the diſtreſſes of mankind; and here every latent excellence is brought into view. In the delightful pages of Fenelon, the mind ſtampt with the beſt gifts of nature may always receive freſh improvement; and by having early learned what is good, it will ſhun, with eaſe, every thing pernicious.

NOVEL reading, I will allow, may be carried to exceſs, but ſtill none will deny that when gloomy winter draws near, it affords the moſt innocent and delightful amuſement. Here my mind again repreſents to me, what I have often ſeen, a worthy family, round a winter fire, engaged in this agreeable employment. How delightful to ſee inſtruction conveyed in this amuſing manner! In the country, how can knowledge be obtained at an eaſier rate? While thus engaged, the ſorrows of life are forgotten; and while we ſympathiſe with the misfortunes of others, we, for a time, become inſenſible of our own. By this the bed of langour may be cheered, and the ſenſe of pain, by the charm of reading, lulled to ſleep.

By a picture of excellence, and the happy effects reſulting from it, how is the human mind not ſtimulated to exertion! Who that has ſeen the fatal effects of vice, diſplayed in the affecting pages of Mackenzie, has not been filled with an increaſed love of virtue!

Thus I have endeavoured to ſhow that good may be derived from the peruſal of a novel; and that, when bad effects follow, it is only from our own miſconduct. In theſe writings, the ſoul that is naturally vicious, will be pleaſed with thoſe parts only that bear reſemblance to itſelf, and will therefore become ſtill more abandoned; but the amiable diſpoſition will be enabled to gather all the ſweets, and only ſkim along the ſurface of the reſt.

In your former paper you gave us a view of the dark ſhade of the picture alone; but, by contraſting the ſcene, you will find things wear altogether a different aſpect. There the character of women is ſeen in the darkeſt point of view; here, in the brighteſt and moſt delightful, the pattern of all that is excellent. I am,

Sir,

Yours, &c.

H. Candidus.

No.

No. XX.] *Saturday, May* 1. 1796.

"Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this ſpecial obſervance, that you o'erſtep not the modeſty of nature. O! there be players that I have ſeen play, *and heard others praiſe, and that highly*, that have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I have thought ſome of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well, they imitated humanity ſo abominably."

HAMLET.

Edinburgh, April 8. 1796.

MR MAW-WORM,

ONE of the chief employments of Triflers, is to lounge in the playhouſes. I had been out of town, and finding, on my return, the tragedy of Tancred and Sigiſmunda announced for the evening, I went to the *Mirror of Nature*, with a view, *firſt*, to Trifle away a few hours; and *next*, to ſee whether Johnſton had improved during his excurſion to Hibernia. The following reflections were ſuggeſted by the performance, and may tend to expoſe the follies of the day.

THE part of Tancred does not ſuit Johnſton; his feminine looks are ill adapted for ſuch a manly

character; his face wants expreſſion; his words and geſtures are ever at variance; a feeble voice, and want of powers of action, drive him to the neceſſity of concealing his defects, by drowning them in the clamour of inceſſant and diſguſtful ranting. But his want of judgment is even more offenſive. I aſked myſelf—am I in a dream? Or have the people of Dublin been in a conſtant reverie? As a novelty, I confeſs I bore this young man patiently; I made great allowances; and while he ſtrove to imitate John Kemble, he really ſometimes appeared to advantage,—but even this merit he has now loſt; and preſuming upon his imaginary powers, he has unfortunately attempted to ſet up for an original. I pity this imprudent youth; he has been cruelly deluded. Little does he know, that thoſe who would on their outſet riſe to the rank of a firſt rate performer, generally ſink under the weight of their raſh attempt. They are apt to contract bad habits of which they never afterwards get rid; and, if they have been flattered at firſt, this taſk becomes impracticable, and they dwindle into their natural inſignificance.

This is the caſe with Mr Johnſton. Already do the applauſes begin to ſlacken, and the Edinburgh audience become ſenſible of their deluſion. He has attained the zenith of his fame, and now is his time to make an honourable retreat. The imperfections of an untutored youth are overlooked by an indulgent public. When little is expected, a very ſmall degree of merit is conſtrued into ſublime

genius,

genius, and the upſtart is proclaimed a Roſcius! But, when we view the ſame perſon as an actor, we are diſpoſed to examine his merits more critically—the veil is dropped, and the hero appears in his true colours. Let me then, as a friend, adviſe Mr Johnſton to reſume his place on the ſtage of life, and to return to his ſtation behind the counter. The money he has ſaved during his theatrical career will enable him to begin buſineſs in a reſpectable line; and, among his female admirers, he cannot fail to procure a handſome livelihood as a ſhopkeeper. Let him be ſatisfied with having taken the public mind by ſurpriſe, and to have bettered himſelf. But if, flushed with ſucceſs, he perſiſts in being an actor, he may ſoon fall from his elevated rank, never to riſe again. Then it may be too late to repent; it may not be in his power to follow my ſalutary advice. I ſpeak not at random; for I have known many, with double the powers of Johnſton, reduced to the lamentable ſituation I fear may befal him. All his friends cannot ſupport him againſt public opinion. Every man of ſenſe muſt perceive that he has acquired only defects ſince laſt year. Even the ladies cannot ſupport an actor whoſe principal merit lies in his profile.

The ladies I allow are enchanted with Mr Johnſton, the boxes reſound his praiſes; his taſte in dreſs, his manner, his features, are all beyond deſcription; but theſe are woman's praiſes; and the fair ſex muſt be in contradiction with themſelves if they do not ſoon begin to find fault with their darling.

ling. I hear them remark that he is changed, and, that he has every poſſible defect. Then farewell female ſupporters; another will become the idol of the day.

It would be unpardonable in me not to mention Earl Oſmond. The "young Gentleman" who performed this part, has the merit of diſpelling gloom from the moſt awful ſcenes; in the very midſt of human gore, when the Poet expects the audience to be agitated by the moſt pathetic feelings; then by the wonderful powers of this performer, the ſpectators aſſume an air of gaiety, and at the inſtant of his death, tears of joy flow from every eye. Had he acted in Vortigern he might have ſaved the indecorous grinning of John Kemble; he might keep up mirth without exerting his own riſible faculties. He was often interrupted by loud plaudits. Upon the whole, therefore, I may ſafely aſſert that he will prove a valuable addition to the truly reſpectable, and original company on our ſtage.

On Monday, I went again to the Theatre, to ſee Hamlet; Johnſton acted even worſe than on the preceding night. In the ſoliloquy he addreſſed the audience inſtead of ſpeaking to himſelf; but this mode of *ſoliloquy*, we ſuppoſe he learnt in Ireland. He conſtantly miſplaced his action, expreſſion, and voice: Tragical in the grave digger's ſcene; inanimated all along, whining and ranting alternately. He was even incorrect in reciting his ſpeeches; often

ten he misrepresented the sense of the Poet; particularly in the following passage, which he gave thus:

> I'll call thee Hamlet, King, Father.—Royal Dane,
> O! answer me.

Justness of acting, chastity, and animation, were as conspicuous in Mrs Kemble, as they were deficient in Johnston. This lady, although she cannot like a Siddons rouse the passions that tear the heart, affects us by softness and tenderness with wonderful success. Her madness was most happily counterfeited. O! that Mr J. had taken her for his model, that he had read the salutary advice of Hamlet to the players; which I suppose his modesty would not allow him to recite.

I was once more led to the Theatre.—Mahomet, that admirable tragedy, was acted; acted! do I say?—rather barbarously spoken.—The want of common sense in J. was more apparent than ever. All the speeches in Act II. in particular, were delivered without attention to the sentiments they were intended to convey. "Then, hasting from despair," he delivered as calmly as the prompter: and, on the contrary, "I poured out my complaint," was given in the tone of a mad bull pursued by dogs.—Even Grant exceeded him: I could see some traces of Alcanor in the one, while none of Zaphna could I discover in the other.

Thespis.

No.

No. XXI.] *Saturday, May* 8. 1796.

Nothing extenuate—nor ſet down aught in malice.
SHAKESPEARE.

To the Trifler.

Sir,

In your 20th Number, a Correſpondent, who ſigns himſelf Theſpis, makes a ſevere attack upon Mr Johnſton, the Player. There is nothing which I admire more than a candid, judicious, and impartial criticiſm, whether upon the profeſſional talents of actors, or the merits of dramatic performances; but, I am ſorry to ſay, this is very rarely to be met with; and we commonly have the diſappointment to find, in its ſtead, either the rude effuſion of an immature judgment, the blind ſuggeſtions of prejudice, or, what is worſe, the wilful miſrepreſentations of deliberate malice. Detraction is ſubſtituted for acuteneſs of penetration, and the clamour of declamation for argument.

I confess I am rather at a loſs what reaſon to aſſign for Theſpis's letter; and although, for the honour of his humanity, I would impeach his underſtanding

derſtanding rather than the qualities of his heart, I cannot help thinking that the whole performance is more replete with ill nature and envy than juſt criticiſm. It is the peculiar property of detraction invariably to attack where merit is moſt conſpicuous; and I think this fully illuſtrated by the ſingling out Johnſton's performance of Tancred, a part which is generally allowed to be his *forte*. It is not my intention to come forward as his champion upon this occaſion, and, by endeavouring to defend his imperfections, to prove that he has none; if I did, I ſhould conceive myſelf to have violated the laws of candour and impartiality as much as Theſpis has done; for this gentleman will allow him no merit whatever; not one expreſſion of his can be conſtrued into the ſmalleſt degree of approbation; and I muſt remark, that unqualified cenſure is always as much to be ſuſpected as unqualified flattery.

"THE part of Tancred," ſays Theſpis, "does "not ſuit Johnſton; his feminine looks are ill a-"dapted to ſuch a manly character." This is what I can by no means allow; Tancred (as repreſented by the poet) is a young man, ſuppoſed to be at that period of life when the paſſion of love makes the moſt lively impreſſion. I know not either why Johnſton ſhould be thought feminine in his looks. He is not indeed robuſt, but then his perſon is elegantly formed, and bears fully the ſtamp of beautiful and manly youth; which, in my opinion, is a figure more appropriate to the character of a lover, "who breathes his tender tale in gentler accents,"

than

than a huge overgrown fellow, with ſtentorian lungs ſufficient to "ſplit the ears of the groundlings, and "tear a paſſion to rags, to very tatters."

THE latter part of the above obſervation is alſo no inconſiderable argument in favour of Johnſton's voice in the part of Tancred; and, taking it in general, his voice, though not abſolutely ſtrong, is yet melodious, when he does not ſtrain it beyond its natural pitch, which, I muſt confeſs, he ſometimes does; but the want of power is, in my opinion, compenſated by a clear and diſtinct articulation. His tones are muſical; his cadences, expreſſions, and the different inflexions and modulations, in general, highly pleaſing, and never diſguſting.

I COME now to that part of the letter which ſays "his face wants expreſſion." This aſſertion aſtoniſhes me more than all the reſt; for it was the uncommon power of expreſſion in Johnſton's countenance that particularly attracted my attention and admiration the firſt time I ever ſaw him in the character of Douglas. He has a clear open forehead, moſt expreſſive eyes, and remarkably fine arched eye-brows; by the management of which, and the perfect command over flexible features, admirably adapted to ſtage effect, he very ſeldom fails to impreſs his feelings, in the moſt juſt and forcible manner, upon the minds of the audience. Upon the whole, I do not know almoſt any player, at preſent, who poſſeſſes finer natural requiſites than Johnſton; nor do I believe

lieve that any of his defects are beyond the reach of experience and practice to cure.

I AM ſo far from conſidering Johnſton's attempt at originality as any reproach, that I regard it rather as an indication of the fire of natural genius, which ſcorns to be confined to the beaten tracts, but riſes ſuperior to the trammels of cloſe imitation; it ought to be humanely conſidered, that future experience can alone bring his to perfection. A friend of the drama would, therefore, rather repreſs his exuberances, than in the inſulting air of affected compaſſion, adviſe him "to return to his counter." If merit in acting alone conſiſts in a cloſe copy, then, indeed, Mr Grant (thought by Theſpis ſo much ſuperior) is certainly a conſummate actor, as he is one of the moſt ſervile imitators of Mr Woods I ever beheld; his actions, cadences, geſtures, &c. &c. are ſo exactly framed after this model, that the only merit to which he is entitled is that which he derives from his ſucceſsful mimicry of a good actor, and this, at beſt, it muſt be allowed, is but a negative one.

LET it not be ſuppoſed, that, by decrying a cloſe imitation, I mean to recommend the oppoſite extreme; by no means; we all know that acting is as much a mechanical and imitative art, as it is an effort of genius; many excellent actors have been formed by attending to Garrick; and, as I have already diſclaimed all intention to defend Mr Johnſton *in toto*, I would therefore recommend it to him, not to return to his counter, but to pay attention to the ſtyle and

and manner of the favourite actors of the preſent ſtage; and, without condeſcending to become an humble copy of any of them, to profit by their ſeveral excellencies; and, in the mean time, to reſtrain any attempt at originality, till longer experience, obſervation, and maturer judgment, enable him to bring it forward with better effect.

ALTHOUGH Theſpis mentions the favour of the fair ſex towards Johnſton with marked contempt for their judgment, yet there is a degree of acrimony in his expreſſions, which leads me to ſuſpect, that he himſelf is ſecretly jealous of what he publicly affects to deſpiſe; nevertheleſs, I believe his obſervations upon the mutability of the fair works of the creation are pretty juſt, although it is generally allowed that they are competent judges of a man's *external* accompliſhments.

I CANNOT conclude this letter without remarking the meanneſs of attacking Johnſton immediately after, and not before his leaving Edinburgh; there would have been ſomething manly in doing ſo, while he had the opportunity to defend himſelf; but to aſſault a perſon who has turned his back, is cowardly and diſhonourable; and the world will always conſider that cauſe a very bad one which evidently ſhuns oppoſition.

CRITO.

——————— Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervaſtis, ait; cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demtus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.

Hor.

To the Trifler.

Mr Maw-worm,

Will you permit a ſtranger, who has accidentally ſeen the Trifler, to offer a few obſervations on the uncandid critique on the merits of Mr Johnſton, which appeared in your 20th Number. It is not my intention to enter the liſts as the champion of this young actor, and that for the beſt poſſible reaſon, I have never ſeen his performance; but my information is indeed very erroneous, if the favour of the public has not been extended to him in no ordinary degree. No individual is bound to abide by the judgment of the public; but, when he ventures to diſſent from it, we look for becoming diffidence, and modeſt reſpect. The merits of Mr Johnſton may be over-rated. I do not queſtion it. The juſtice of a Britiſh audience is always ſeaſoned with mercy: Every ſpark of genius they kindly cheriſh. Let the dawn of merit but appear, yet ſtruggling with ſhades and darkneſs, the eye of the audience eagerly catches the doubtful ray, and looks forward to the brighter day, which may juſtify and reward their indulgence.

It is to this refuge that the poor actor muſt fly from the attacks of envy and illiberal criticiſm.

Were Mr J. one of thoſe ſtage-ſtruck youths who ſacrifice every proſpect in life to a ridiculous paſſion for the ſtage, and whom neither hunger or damnation can cure of their folly, ſome excuſe might be found for the haughty and contemptuous language which your Correſpondent has thought proper to employ on this occaſion; but it is far otherwiſe. Mr J. was hailed as a phenomenon on his firſt appearance on the Edinburgh ſtage. It was not *empty praiſe* that he received;—no—his theatrical attempts obtained a more ſubſtantial reward. This your critic is pleaſed to call *taking the public mind by ſurpriſe*, —and its effects *deluſion*. Ah! Mr Maw-worm, how many triflers in criticiſm would rejoice in being thus deluded? But I ſhall not quarrel with your Correſpondent about words; be it *ſurpriſing the public mind*;—ſurely, Sir, no blame is on that account imputable to Mr J. If the audience thought proper to laviſh their applauſe, and their money into the bargain, upon a perſon who deſerved neither, the *deluſion* was on their ſide, and the blame, (if blame there be) remains with them.

But, encouraged by his firſt ſucceſsful attempts, Mr Johnſton made his firſt appearance on the Dublin and other ſtages. There his reception was alike flattering; there, alſo, *he ſurpriſed the public mind*;—there alſo he earned money and reputation. On his return to Edinburgh, the *mind* of the deluded pub-

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lic was once more *ſurpriſed*, and poor Johnſton was again *unfortunate* enough to be applauded, and liberally rewarded. How is all this to be accounted for? Is it that ſlender expectations were entertained from the performances of an untutored ſhopkeeper?—Is it that national prejudice has ſo hoodwinked the judgment of the Edinburgh audience, that they diſcover the dawn of excellence in a perſon whom your Correſpondent claſſes with the meaneſt retainers of the theatre? Such cauſes may indeed have a partial appearance; but we have all known, in a variety of inſtances, perſons offering themſelves as candidates for theatrical fame, and though the good nature of an audience might bear with their folly through one or two repreſentations, yet, if they poſſeſſed none of the qualifications neceſſary to an actor, they never roſe to be favourites with the audience, nor did they better their circumſtances in life by their preſumptuous attempts. Mr Johnſton is, however, no Iriſhman, and how ſhall we account for the *deluſion* of a Dublin audience? The queſtion admits of but one anſwer: It is but a fair inference, that, had Mr J. been utterly deſtitute of merit, as your Correſpondent has repreſented him, he would have ſhared the fate of thoſe who have gone before him in the ſame raſh and fooliſh attempts; nor can the man be acquitted of arrogance and preſumption, who, in the face of a deciſion of the Edinburgh and Dublin audience, can aſſert, in language ſo unmannerly and indecent, that the performer whom they have ſo highly favoured is beneath contempt,—that he is deſtitute even of common ſenſe, that he never poſ-

ſeſſed merit beyond that of an awkward imitator, and that even that merit he has now loſt.

FAR be it from me to juſtify any young man in abandoning the walk of ſober induſtry in purſuit of the bubble of theatrical reputation. An honeſt and induſtrious tradeſman is, in my humble opinion, a more uſeful member of ſociety, than the moſt favoured of the children of Theſpis. If it be, indeed, true that Mr J.'s little merit has now wholly diſappeared;—that ſince laſt year he has only (as your Correſpondent expreſſes it) *acquired defects*;—that the plaudits of the audience are now faint and reluctant, and that he is about to be conſigned to obſcurity and inſignificance;—if all this be true, I truſt Mr J. has good ſenſe enough to take the advice of your Correſpondent, which, in that caſe, might indeed be conſidered as that of a friend, had it not been conveyed in terms utterly repugnant to friendſhip or good will;—but if, on the contrary, the audience, unmoved by the eloquence of the critic, ſhould perſiſt in this *deluſion*, and yet cheriſh and reward this *barbarous* performer,—this untutored ſhop-boy, this murderer of Tancred, of Hamlet, and of Zaphna, whoſe want of common ſenſe is apparent in every thing he attempts,—in that caſe Mr J. acts a wiſe and prudent part, as a cool, calculating man of buſineſs, in availing himſelf of their partiality. If, with the frugal uſe which Mr J. makes of ſuch talents as he poſſeſſes, he can ſecure a comfortable independence, while he contributes to the entertainment of the public, no man can ſay he acts a diſhonourable

or

or an improper part; and I truſt he will make a frugal uſe of the fruits of his induſtry.

In the catalogue of his misfortunes, it is not the heavieſt that he has attracted the admiration of the ladies, whether by his manner, his taſte in dreſs, his form, or his features; no man affects indifference to ſuch admiration, but he who has failed of commanding it by every means. Long may he poſſeſs it; whether on the ſtage, or behind the counter, it never can be detrimental to him; and, however cheap this ungallant critic may hold *female praiſe*, the circle of his acquaintance among the ſex muſt be narrow indeed, or he indulges a conceit of his own judgment, which his ſpecimen of lame criticiſm but ill juſtifies, if he has not diſcovered many ladies who were much better qualified than himſelf to appretiate the merits of a theatrical performance.

It is true that Mr Johnſton's friends can never ſupport him againſt the public opinion; but it is equally true, that, if the public opinion ſupports him againſt certain officious *friends*, he may reſt perfectly contented. You'll pardon me if I add, that the peculiar aſperity which diſtinguiſhes your Correſpondent's remarks, muſt bring the purity of his motives, and the rectitude of his intentions into ſuſpicion. It would, however, be illiberal and impertinent to riſk any conjecture on this head. If the audience are diſpoſed to applaud Mr Johnſton, they will not be influenced by this feeble attempt to injure him in their opinion. The actor may have ta-

ken the *public mind* by *ſurpriſe*, the critic never will. Could he even ſucceed in perſuading the audience that they had hitherto been under the influence of a deluſion, he would render them no very acceptable ſervice. Well might they addreſs him in the words of my motto; for, ſo rare is theatrical excellence in the Edinburgh ſtage, that to contemplate it *in imagination*, is an acceſſion to the pleaſures of the frequenters of the Theatre.

Z.

No. XXII.] *Saturday, May* 15. 1796.

Ipso jure.

AS I have little knowledge of the ſubject of complaint contained in the following letter, and, as I make no doubt that what is complained of is truth; although it is not told in the moſt intelligible language, yet, if I can be of any ſervice in altering the abuſes he treats of, by inſerting his letter, I ſhall make no apology for offering it as this week's Trifler.

TO THE TRIFLER.

SIR,

I AM one of thoſe humble retainers of the law, who are ſo frequently to be met with in this city, meaning that I am *de facto* a writer's clerk, and *bona fide*, holder of a clerkſhip in an office of ſome reſpectability, conſequently am entitled to ſome of your attention in the courſe of my narrative.

AFTER having ſo briefly told you who I am, as aforeſaid, I ſhall now proceed, *lege juris*, to tell you what I am to complain of. *Primo*, It was my misfortune to be the ſecond ſon of a merchant of this city.

city. My father had a good many children; and, as he wiſhed to make us all gentlemen, my oldeſt brother was put into the army. I have already noticed how I was diſpoſed of; a younger brother was made a ſurgeon, a fourth a clergyman, a fifth was bred a merchant, a ſixth was put into the navy, and ſo on.

Secundo, Shortly after my apprenticeſhip was done, I, like a fool, fell deſperately in love; and, in the courſe of a few months after the commencement of the proceſs, though not able *ad ſuſtinenda onera matrimonii*, I was ſo ſucceſsful as to gain my cauſe. Immediately upon taking poſſeſſion of the premiſes, I thought it proper to acquaint my maſter; and, although, as I ſuppoſed, I had done *actus legitimus*, he was pleaſed to ſay I was a ruined man. This, ſtrange as it may appear, I have found to be the fact; for, although Mr Erſkine (who, you know, is one of the beſt writers upon our law, and is in a manner our oracle,) has been at conſiderable pains in his Inſtitutes to lay down as law, that the moment a man is married he acquires by the *jus mariti* a right over all his wife's property, yet in this I found that Mr Erſkine was endeavouring to miſlead. The moment I was married, my wife attached all my goods and gear, not by any legal act, but by means of a very ſummary diligence, wholly unknown in our law. She, without any form of proceſs whatever, took poſſeſſion of all my property. But, as this was altogether inconſiſtent with our law, I endeavoured to bring her to reaſon, by pointing

ing out what was the law, and what was the opinion of ſome of our beſt judges upon the *jus mariti*; but it was all to no purpoſe; ſhe told me that neither Mr Erſkine nor a ſingle judge we had underſtood one word of law. This, Sir, was an averment as void of truth as it was wild and extravagant; and, therefore, I was at ſome conſiderable trouble in ſearching more fully into the law on that head; but my wife was deaf to every remonſtrance, and I now found that, as my maſter had predicted, I was a *ruined man.*

Tertio, In the courſe of a few years after I was married, I began to be burdened with *fructus matrimonii*; and as there was now a conſiderable addition to my family, I propoſed to get the price of pages heightened, but all my remonſtrances on this head were as ineffectual with my maſter, as my former arguments had been with my wife. Though he confeſſed that all ſorts of proviſions were dear, and although he allowed that it was attended with conſiderable expence in maintaining a family; yet all the anſwers I received were, that I was *in mala fide* to marry, and that I was *a ruined man.* I have all along paid great deference to my maſter's opinion, and on that account am ſorry to ſquabble with him in the office; and as it is much eaſier to convey one's ſentiments by writing than by words, I have troubled you with this account of my life, in the hopes that, as he is a reader of your paper, he will ſee cauſe to alter his opinion with regard to me in ſeveral reſpects.

As

As you are a batchelor, and on that account may perhaps be ignorant of the expences attending the ſupport of a family, I have ſtated my caſe to you, in the hopes that you will back me in this application; or, at leaſt, that you will publiſh my caſe, and ſay ſomething yourſelf upon the hardſhips attending us retainers of the law. I have read that you retainers of the muſes are frequently ill off. I am afraid that retainers of the law are more ſo. In addition to what is above ſet forth, I have alſo to ſtate, that I have to ſweep the chamber, put on the fire, anſwer the door, and run meſſages, all of which I am perſuaded a retainer of the muſes is totally ignorant of.

Upon the whole, I am humbly of opinion, that, upon the writers taking the foreſaid caſe into conſideration, they will ſee cauſe to alter their mode of behaviour to us; and, if they will not raiſe our wages, they will at leaſt uſe us as gentlemen. By inſerting the above caſe, you will confer an everlaſting obligation on,

Dear Sir,

Yours always,

Transcribe.

No. XXIII.] *Saturday, May* 22. 1796.

Eſt aliquid, fatale malum per verba levare.
OVID.

TO THE TRIFLER.

SIR,

WILL you allow a poor old woman to give you an account of her melancholy ſtory? Expect no elegant deſcription, for I am only acquainted with the language of truth. I was born in a foreign land, and there I paſſed my earlieſt days. One of the beſt of men became my huſband, and with him I underwent the various viciſſitudes of life: many happy years we ſpent together both abroad and in this country. But happineſs is ſeldom laſting. I loſt my huſband ſome years ago, and found myſelf, at his death, poſſeſſed of a ſmall eſtate, which ſecured me from want, and raiſed me above the frowns of fortune. All my children had left me but one ſon, who, after ſpending twenty years abroad, had returned to the abode of his parents. Him I likewiſe loſt a little time after his father's death; and found my habitation deſolate, and myſelf alone.

By

By the death of my huſband I was left the ſole poſſeſſor of his eſtate during life; but being unacquainted with agriculture, I was adviſed by my friends to leave the country and live comfortably in town. I was grieved to part with the delightful place where I had lived ſo long, but as the memory of former ſcenes heightened my diſtreſs, I reſolved to remove from an abode which cheriſhed my ſorrows. I accordingly wrote to a ſon of mine in America, who diſſuaded me from this deſign: he informed me he had made a ſmall fortune, and that his chief happineſs would be to return home and nouriſh the declining age of his beloved mother. I joyfully accepted the offer, and earneſtly deſired him to return; propoſing to myſelf much ſatisfaction from the company of a ſon, who had been long abroad, and whom I had little ſeen.

Morosus (ſo permit me to call my ſon) quickly returned to his native country, and cheered the heart of his afflicted parent. He for ſome time paid me the utmoſt attention, and gave me all the hours he could ſpare from the management of my eſtate. His goodneſs was not confined to me alone: he wrote to his younger brother abroad, and importuned him to return and live in his neighbourhood, as he intended to make him heir to all his fortune. His youngeſt ſiſter, who had imprudently married, he placed in a neat little dwelling, and furniſhed it with every thing needful to make her happy. I could not fail to be rejoiced at this engaging behaviour; and I was charmed with my

ſon.

ſon. I in ſome degree forgot my ſorrow, and employed myſelf in the little affairs of the houſehold with alacrity, and was anxious to make every thing agreeable to Moroſus.

FROM his childhood my ſon had been averſe to marriage, and actually quarrelled with his ſiſters for entering into that ſtate: but he had been only a little time at home, when he changed his opinion. He ſoon introduced to my acquaintance a woman whom he had ſelected for his helpmate: She was reported to be a lady of family and fortune; but I ſoon found this to be without foundation. I deſpair to give you any idea of her perſon: to paint her as ſhe really is would afford but a diſguſting picture. The features of her face are diſagreeable, although generally enlivened with an affected air of gaiety; her complexion is tawny, and her ſhape neither handſome nor pleaſing. The qualities of her mind are as little deſerving of regard: a pert vivacity, the effect of ignorance and effrontery, may paſs for abilities with ſome, but, by the more diſcerning, the veil can eaſily be removed. Her chief delight conſiſts in ridiculing the amiable and the virtuous: as ſhe imagines herſelf poſſeſſed of ſupreme excellence, ſhe never can be induced to allow any merit in others. Would you believe it, this woman is the ſlave of flattery, and receives with pleaſure encomiums on her beauty.—Such is Fulvia the wife of Moroſus.

We lived in a cheerful manner for a few weeks. Fulvia made me ſome preſents, and ſtrove to pleaſe me, which you know makes a great impreſſion on age. Although I behaved in a very civil and agreeable manner, I ſtill retained the management of the family in my own hands, and Fulvia had only a ſubordinate ſtation; but this ill ſuited her domineering mind. She had one apartment in the houſe appropriated to herſelf, adorned with ſome ſmall pieces of furniture, which had been long in my poſſeſſion, and for which I had an affection: Theſe ſhe heartily deſpiſed, and took the earlieſt opportunity to get rid of them; and when I remonſtrated, ſhe flew into the moſt ungovernable paſſion, and told me ſhe would be miſtreſs at leaſt of one apartment. It behoved me, therefore, to make peace, by yielding up ſome part of my authority, which ſoothed the pride of this haughty woman.

A quarrel ſoon aroſe betwixt her and my daughter Animoſa, who openly reſented this behaviour, and took every opportunity of turning Fulvia into ridicule; but the more powerful here had the victory. Animoſa was driven from her abode, and part of her effects expoſed to ſale by the inhuman Moroſus. His brother, likewiſe, ſeeing his hopes diſappointed, left the country, and lately died abroad, which deprived me of a beloved ſon. All this affected not Moroſus: he ſeemed to conſider himſelf as the moſt innocent perſon in the world, and to have had no hand in any of theſe events. His love and affection for his ugly wife was every day

day increaſing, for he looked upon her as the paragon of women. His mother was forgotten and forſaken, while all his hours were devoted to Fulvia, and his whole converſation was directed to amuſe her.

GRIEF for the death of my ſon threw me into a lingering illneſs, which confined me entirely to my chamber; but now the tenderneſs of my daughter-in-law began to appear. She waited on me with the utmoſt anxiety, ſhe ſupplied all my wants, was conſtantly with me, and was eager to ſerve me in every particular. I at laſt ſlowly recovered, and was ſo penetrated with the behaviour of Fulvia, that I gave up to her the government of the family, yielded to her the principal place at table, and confined myſelf to my own apartment. Now, Sir, I am overlooked as an uſeleſs piece of furniture; I am ſuffered to ſit at table, but little or no notice is taken of me. I was once more, for ſeveral months, confined to my apartment by ſickneſs, and all that time I was neglected by Fulvia; that woman who had waited on me ſo tenderly before, now left me entirely to the care of the ſervants. She ſcarcely deigned to enquire for me; and when I did ſee her, ſhe treated me with inſult. I am continually teaſed with her impertinence; and in the ſame houſe where I once was miſtreſs, I behold myſelf in the miſerable condition of a dependent; but ſtill I forbear to complain, leſt it ſhould embitter the life of Moroſus.

Fulvia is fond of company, and ſhe is never pleaſed unleſs ſurrounded with viſitors. But my houſe, in her opinion, was ill adapted for the accommodation of elegant company. It has therefore, under her direction, undergone a thorough reformation: the old rooms have been changed, as ſhe thinks, into magnificent apartments, and adorned with beautiful furniture. She ſtrives indeed, in every thing, to ſhow the elegance of her taſte: ſhe builds and ſhe pulls down as ſhe pleaſes; for Moroſus is amazingly condeſcending. The old trees, which my huſband and I uſed ſo much to admire, have been cut down to afford a more extenſive proſpect: and indeed ſhe has an enmity to every thing which ſeems to give me delight. Moſt of the antiquated furniture, as ſhe is pleaſed to call it, is removed to my own apartment, for to people of taſte ſhe ſays it muſt be ſhocking. She ſometimes introduces company into my apartment, but it is only with the view of ſhewing them its ornaments, that ſhe may afterwards turn me into ridicule.

In my younger days I have been preſent at the firſt tables of the kingdom, and conſequently muſt have been in ſome degree acquainted with the poliſhed manners of life; but this woman looks upon me as utterly deſtitute of politeneſs, and endeavours to poliſh me, as ſhe terms it. Now, Sir, muſt I not feel, when I behold this upſtart, this uſurper of my authority, endeavouring to ſchool me like a child? I can live with no eaſe in my own houſe: although fond of quiet, I am troubled with the din of company;

pany; and when in the preſence of my daughter-in-law I muſt look up to her as a ſuperior; and in the eyes of her viſiters, from the ſtate ſhe aſſumes, I am viewed as a pitiful inferior. Fulvia is conſtantly boaſting of her birth, of the magnitude of her father's eſtate, and of the numerous retinue he kept; but unfortunately for her this eſtate is no where to be found. She looks upon one of my daughters, who married a man of a low ſtation, with the moſt ineffable contempt; and is always endeavouring to render my life diſagreeable, by upbraiding me with the behaviour of my daughter. But, notwithſtanding all her pride, I have lately been certainly informed that her father was a man ſprung from the loweſt dregs of the people, and that ſhe has ſiſters even in a more lowly condition than the huſband of my daughter. She found means, however, to impoſe upon the credulous Moroſus at her marriage, and he is ſince that time unwilling to be deceived.

THE principal fault of Moroſus is a fooliſh fondneſs for this deteſtable woman: he endeavours to ſatisfy the moſt extravagant of her wiſhes, and on her account has become the enemy of all his relations. Into that very houſe from which he drove the unfortunate Animoſa, he has placed one of the ſiſters of Fulvia, and fitted it up with an elegance unknown to it before. What will you think of that man, who introduces a ſtranger into the very houſe from which he had barbarouſly driven his ſiſters, and at his own expence accomodates her with ele-

gant furniture? By the world, however, this is overlooked, and Moroſus is eſteemed a man of honour and integrity. Away with ſuch honour! the man who is deſtitute of humanity ought to be viewed with indignation.

One part of the character of Fulvia has often ſurpriſed me. If a perſon for whom ſhe had the utmoſt hatred were to enter the houſe, ſhe would treat him with the greateſt civility, and load him with kindneſs; but the moment he departs, then ſhe gives vent to her paſſion, and caſts upon him the foulest aſperſions. Even this woman, although her uglineſs is diſguſting, would at firſt, by her affected civility and gaiety, prepoſſeſs you in her favour; but this is only a cloak by which ſhe ſtrives to conceal the depravity of her mind. It is not, however, from the general behaviour of a woman that we can learn the nature of her character: we muſt take a narrower inſpection. She rails and ſtorms like a fury at her ſervants when they ſhew me any reſpect: but when ſhe ſees them deſpiſe me, then ſhe is the humbleſt of their ſlaves, makes them her confidents, and thus this mighty woman is laughed at by the whole country.

It is a common obſervation that ſuch people as Fulvia and I ſeldom are fond of each other; but ſurely, Sir, when ſhe and Moroſus conſider that every thing is mine, I ought to be treated with more tenderneſs and regard, and not viewed as a burden? Ah

Ah were my deceaſed huſband, who once was an admirer of beauties and amiable women, to look back and ſee the fate of his beloved partner, how would he be exaſperated! But I need not repine: I have not long to live, and death will ſoon put an end to all the ſufferings of

A. MARIA.

No.

No. XXIV.] *Saturday, May* 29. 1796.

Then the rogue told us with inſulting eaſe,
So it was foreign, it was ſure to pleaſe;
Beaux wits applaud as faſhion ſhould command,
And miſſes laugh, to ſeem to underſtand.

SHERIDAN.

To the Trifler.

SIR,

THAT which is laudable in one nation, may be deemed diſgraceful, if not criminal, in another. Such is the force of cuſtom, prejudice, and education. Rather than a young Venetian ſhould riſk the conſequences of promiſcuous amours, his father hires a miſtreſs for him during a limited time. What would we think of one of our countrymen who would undertake the ſame office for his ſon? In the former caſe, it is conſidered a piece of foreſight and frugality, while it would be thought in the higheſt degree immoral in the latter.

WE are very apt to imagine, that from the refinement of theſe times in which we live, we are not expoſed to the ridicule of foreigners, particularly in matters

matters of taſte. Now, what would a foreigner ſay, were he to enter our Theatre, and ſee a Scots audience entertained with *Italian muſic?* And, if he were told that not one individual underſtood it, he would immediately conclude that we were utterly deſtitute of any reliſh for muſic; or, that the manager and muſicians had put a trick upon the audience for once.

LET travellers who have made the tour of Europe pretend to what knowledge they pleaſe, I am afraid, that, for the moſt part, they are as ignorant of foreign muſic, as they are of the language and conſtitution of thoſe countries through which they may have paſſed. I confeſs, that, for my own part, no muſic gives me ſo much pleaſure as Scots airs well executed: What are the ſublimities of Homer and Virgil to me, who do not underſtand either Greek or Latin? I like Milton's Paradiſe loſt, Thomſon's Seaſons, Allan Ramſay's Poems, &c. for this plain, but honeſt reaſon, becauſe I underſtand them. I know, if we conſult the muſicians, they'll inform us that Italian muſic is the quinteſſence of all harmony and melody. Their province is to *pleaſe* the audience, not to dictate to them.

A MAN of your reading muſt know, that an old Caſtilian, full of the hereditary pride and poverty of his family, conſiders himſelf above working for his daily bread, and fancies he dines like a lord on a ſallad, with a little garlic. We, again, in Britain, can work, buſtle about, and would wiſh to dine upon

on "the wing of an ox, Sir." By this, you ſee, we have different ſtomachs from foreigners; and, if we are fed to our wiſh, you muſt prepare us a diſh of Britiſh growth.

THE following is a Scots author's opinion of Italian muſic.

They'r douf and dowie at the beſt,
Their allegroes and a' the reſt,
They cann'a pleaſe a true Scots taſte
Compar'd wi' Tulluchgorum.

We have old Scots tunes incomparably beyond any modern production. I would humbly propoſe, therefore, that the manager of our Theatre make an experiment for the enſuing ſeaſon. If the tunes are too ſimple, we have ſome excellent Scots compoſers in this city, who can give us a few variations to each. Selections may eaſily be made to ſuit either a tragedy or a comedy. The manager would find it his intereſt to fall in with this plan, and the public would be much more rationally entertained. I am,

SIR,

Your conſtant reader,

NEMO.

To

To the Trifler.

Sir,

I am a young lady of an independent fortune. My father having died when I was an infant, left me under the protection of two joint guardians.

At the age of twelve I was put to a reſpectable boarding ſchool in town, where I made myſelf miſtreſs of thoſe accompliſhments which are requiſite for the modern young lady of faſhion. In learning muſic and dancing, in dreſſing, and reading novels, conſiſted the greateſt part of my employment.

I passed four years very agreeably in this manner, and was then removed by one of my guardians to his own houſe in this city. Here I ſoon got a numerous train of ſuitors; and being young, credulous, and unexperienced, you may well believe I was not altogether indifferent to their addreſſes. One, in particular, made a greater impreſſion on my heart than any of the reſt; he paid me every attention in his power, and I ſtill flatter myſelf he had a ſincere regard for me. Every day I expected he would have aſked the conſent of my guardians to our marriage, and he knew well that mine would be no obſtacle. Whether he ever did ſo, or not, I have not been able to learn; but he has now deſerted

ſerted me: the cauſe I cannot gueſs, unleſs it was their refuſal.

My guardian, in whoſe houſe I reſide, has a ſon in the navy, who had the honour of ſerving his majeſty as a lieutenant in the late expedition to the Cape of Good Hope, and has now got the command of a ſhip. This young gentleman has lately come home to ſee his friends, and both his father and he are continually urging me to give him my hand. My hand I may give him, but my heart is already given to another. My affections are fixed upon the young gentleman already mentioned. By inſerting this, therefore in the Trifler, you will do me a particular favour, as it may be the means of informing him that I love him ſtill with unabated paſſion. I am, &c.

JULIA.

ANOTHER correſpondent has favoured me with a letter which I here inſert, and hope he will pardon me for the few lines of it which are left out.

FOR THE TRIFLER.

DEAR MR TRIFLER,

UNDERSTANDING as how you are a perſon that receive communications and ſignals for the purpoſe of

of benefiting mankind in general, and as I dare say you will not refuse to put in your paper what an honest Tar may advance, I cannot help throwing out a few words relative to this here country of your's, and letting you know my opinion of it.

FIRST when I landed, I thought as how your people talked a curious kind of lingo, but was soon reconciled to it, especially when it was a pretty girl that spoke it; and, believe me, Mr Maw-worm, there are not a few of that sort here. I have been to see your plays and your horses, and like both of them mightily, and must say there were a great many fine vessels stowed both in the lower and upper tiers of your boxes; but they kept such a clattering and jawing, that I could not hear a word of what they were saying upon the stage, (as you call it), though they spoke wondrous loud sometimes, and seemed to fall out with one another mightily.

I LIKED your horses riding, with men on their backs, much better; they are a clever-heeled sort of people, and think no more of standing upon one leg on a horse at full sail, than I would of mounting to the main-top; and they so hurl about upon ropes and such things, that I verily thought myself betwitched.

I HAVE now seen every thing that's curious about your town, and begin to wish myself away again, unless you could drop me a line or two, letting me know how I may employ my time to the best ad-

vantage. I had almoſt forgot to tell you that I have got a ſweetheart here, a ſweet pretty girl as you would wiſh to clap an eye upon, and I have been almoſt perſuaded to play the fool and marry her. Now, as I have ne'er a ſoul to adviſe with, I would take it kind if you would ſay whether or not it is proper I ſhould marry this here girl, or let her alone; but ſhe has got ſo deviliſhly into the wake of my affections, that I cannot think of parting with her. Your anſwer in courſe, with regard to this point, will much oblige,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

To command, while

THOMAS MIZEN.

P. S. I HAVE been reading your book, to amuſe myſelf, for ſome time paſt, and I ſee what one of your friends, who has a confounded hard name, Cleophas, or ſome ſuch, ſays; I would adviſe him to go to ſea, if ſo he be not happy in his mother-country. I hope alſo you will excuſe me if I have not written to your mind, being as how I am not much accuſtomed to ſuch things.

No. XXV.] *Saturday, June* 5. 1796.

——— Chi udi, chi vide
Maggior virtu? Voi che oſcurar vorreſte
Con maligne ragioni
La gloria femminil, diteme voi
Se an virtu piu ſublime i noſtri Eroi.

METASTASIO.

To the Trifler.

MR MAW-WORM,

SOME time ago I paid a viſit to a friend of mine, who reſides in a diſtant part of the country, at a moſt delightful villa. Here we have an opportunity of contemplating Nature in her brighteſt colours, contraſted with a lively picture of what may be derived from the aſſiſtance of art. The beautiful and the ſublime are here at variance; and while, with the moſt heart-felt pleaſure, we take a view of the one, our minds are filled with admiration at the ſight of the other.

ON a ſmall eminence, near the centre of his domain, ſtands the houſe of Benignus; a Gothic pile, which, by its awful battlements, ſeems to have withſtood the ſhock of ages. Its lofty gates and maſſy

doors ſtrike the mind with an idea of ancient grandeur, and have at firſt a tendency to inſpire it with gloomy thoughts; but, on entering the houſe, our ſentiments are entirely altered.

HERE, it is true, magnificence is preſented to our view, but attended with every elegance that taſte can deſire, or wealth beſtow. The apartments are noble and magnificent, and adorned with paintings, which, while they inſpire us with pleaſant emotions, by their beauty ſolicit our attention.

WHEN beheld from the windows of the caſtle, the landſcape is moſt delightful: On one ſide are woods, and on the others extenſive lawns; or here and there, at a greater diſtance, the eſtates which lie adjacent to the ſeat of Benignus. The view, in ſhort, is only terminated by the diſtant mountains.

BY words to give a deſcription of every beauty, is impoſſible; and it would require the pencil of a maſter to delineate the elegance of this charming abode. Near the houſe runs a river, which, for the moſt part, precipitates itſelf over a rocky bed. Its lofty and rugged banks are covered to the ſummit with overhanging trees; and on theſe banks the moſt delightful walks have been formed. How often have I rambled here, and with what ſatisfaction have I enjoyed the proſpect! Every moment we are preſented with ſome engaging ſpectacle. Sometimes a tremendous rock overhanging the flood ſeems to threaten deſtruction to thoſe below; while the

the hollow murmuring of the dark waters conſpires to heighten the ſublimity of the ſcene. In a little time the proſpect is altered; upon arriving at the ſummit, we contemplate the beautiful adjacent country, and at a diſtance behold the river ſometimes ruſhing over a rock, and at other times ſlowly meandering. Bridges have been thrown with infinite labour acroſs the river; and, while theſe increaſe the beauty of the ſcene, we are agreeably ſurpriſed at finding hermitages placed at thoſe parts which are beſt adapted for viewing the proſpect.

But, if the eſtate of Benignus is ſo beautiful, his own heart is ſtill worthier of admiration. To a mind naturally poſſeſſed of every virtue, an education the moſt complete was added; but, although he had been introduced at an early period to the moſt polite circles, he contracted a love for retirement. He fixed his affections on the beauteous and virtuous Amanda, who was not inſenſible to his merit; and they ſoon became the happieſt of mortals. For many years they have lived remote from the world: Several children are the offſpring of their love, who early learn to imitate the virtues of their parents. Benignus and Amanda are loved and revered by all the country, and they are worthy of that diſtinction.

While Amanda is engaged in the care of her family, Benignus is occupied with the improvement of his eſtate, or by the peruſal of his favourite authors in the library; and he is poſſeſſed of an ex-

cellent collection. All the periodical authors are there ſeen; and it is an obſervation of his, that in them we have the moſt agreeable picture of life. Though poſſeſſed of a cultivated underſtanding, he has never written any thing of conſequence, but ſome detached pieces in his library. A fragment of one of theſe I copied, which, if you pleaſe, you may inſert: it ſeems to be a tribute to the virtues of Amanda; but, though it is written too much in the ſtile of panegyric, he is excuſable, for he is acquainted only with the amiable part of the ſex: and there are not a few who correſpond with the picture he has drawn. It has originally been intended for a periodical paper, and I hope it will not be diſagreeable

TO THE TRIFLER.

SIR,

IN almoſt all the periodical papers that I have read, the paſſion of love has made ſome figure: We are either told of its fatal effects, or its pleaſant emotions have been conveyed to our hearts by ſome tender tale. Some of the moſt delightful pieces of the amiable Addiſon have here had their origin; and while, with the moſt enchanting ſweetneſs, he deſcribes the bliſs or the woes of lovers, he gives us the moſt endearing idea of his elegant mind; for none can deſcribe what they never had a ſoul to feel.

I AM

I AM therefore of opinion that you ought now and then to devote a paper entirely to the Ladies, from whom our boaſted excellency is beſt copied; for, without them, ſavage man might return to his native barbarity, inhabit the dens of the foreſt, and be a companion of wolves and tigers. Lovely amiable woman was ſent to comfort and cheer him in the midſt of his toils, to alleviate the preſſure of anxiety, and tune his ſoul to joy, by her engaging demeanour. For without woman what is man? a creature devoid of every generous ſentiment, ferocious in his nature, and giving ear only to the ſuggeſtions of the moſt brutal paſſions: till woman, lovely woman, occupies his thoughts, and inſpires him with love, that nobleſt of paſſions, that nurſe of generous actions.

WHEREVER a country has arrived at any degree of cultivation, where the arts flouriſh, and where attention is paid to polite literature, we always find the Ladies held in the higheſt eſtimation: they are viewed with admiration, and the utmoſt deference is paid to their opinion. It is only in the moſt barbarous climes, where nature is ſeen in all her original deformity, that the women are regarded as ſlaves. Here man poſſeſſes little more knowledge than what is afforded by the moſt ferocious paſſions; and his attention is entirely occupied by the purſuit of the beaſts of the field, or by the ideas of rapine and plunder. In this condition the domeſtic endearments of life are unknown; and a ſtop is here put to the fineſt feelings of nature.

NOTHING

Nothing can make the diſpoſition of the eaſtern monarchs more evident, than their tyrannical behaviour to the women; for here that moſt amiable and beautiful part of the creation is ſhut up, and reſerved entirely for the gratification of ſome haughty lord. But he is incapable of taſting the ſweets of love; and no higher paſſion than jealouſy for his fair and innocent victims can ever have a place in his barbarous and domineering mind. He conſiders them as born merely for his pleaſure; for his uncultivated ſoul is altogether unacquainted with the amiable character, and angelic ſoftneſs of woman; by him her excellences are diſregarded, and his eyes are fixed alone on the charms of her perſon.

Even in the wildeſt and moſt uncultivated countries, where the women are oppreſſed with the moſt rigorous ſlavery, they ſtill have diſplayed the virtues of compaſſion. We are told by a late traveller, that, when in the deſerts of Tartary, he was oppreſſed with hunger and fatigue, and almoſt driven to madneſs, he always found the women poſſeſſed of the utmoſt humanity; they endeavoured to alleviate his diſtreſs by every tender office, and made even their barbarous huſbands reſpect the laws of hoſpitality. What a noble tribute of praiſe to the virtues of women, ſuperior to the moſt flattering panegyric!

In peruſing the page of hiſtory, we meet with many remarkable inſtances of the proweſs, the wiſdom, and the tenderneſs of women. We behold ſome of them executing the moſt ſurpriſing deſigns; and

and who has not heard of the warlike Semiramis, or the noble and elegant Zenobia, who, againſt ſo many invaders, aſſerted the rights, and diſplayed all the native dignity of their ſex! Why need I mention the beautiful and chaſte Lucretia, or the tender and amiable Octavia, who, by her exalted virtues, has left to future ages a pattern of every excellence we can hope to find in a woman?

Nor is it in ancient times alone that we have ſuch illuſtrious examples; I might enumerate the names of ſome ladies, who have made a ſtriking figure in the annals of modern hiſtory. We have many beautiful examples: Chriſtina of Sweden ornamented by an elegant education, which placed her abilities in a diſtinguiſhed light; and Mary of Scotland, however defamed by the malignity of her enemies, poſſeſſed of the moſt amiable manners. In this elevated ſtation, what noble actions could I not diſplay as the moſt deciſive proof of female excellence! But, to enter into a detail of illuſtrious names, or an enumeration of facts univerſally admitted, would ſerve little other purpoſe than to fatigue the mind and embarraſs the attention.

We ought not, however, to confine ourſelves to the view of female virtue in the moſt elevated ſpheres; for, even in the humbler walks of life, we are often preſented with the moſt delightful picture of the perfect woman. Here we have many opportunities of contemplating the female character in the moſt agreeable point of view; for we often here behold

hold ladies poſſeſſed of the moſt cultivated underſtanding, endued with genuine taſte, and hearts the moſt ſuſceptible of tenderneſs and love; which, with the charms of an enchanting figure, and a ſet of beautiful features, render them quite irreſiſtible: and happy is the man who can call one of theſe angelic creatures his own; and who, by every tender office, endeavours to pleaſe this the object of his love, and make himſelf worthy of her.

H. AMASIUS.

No.

No. XXVI.] *Saturday, June* 12. 1796.

When phyſicians write of diſeaſes, the prognoſtics and the diagnoſtics, the ſymptoms and the paroxyſms, they give one fatal apprehenſions for every ache about us. When they come to treat of medicines and applications, you ſeem to have no other difficulty but to decide by what means you would recover. In ſhort, to give the preference between a linctus and an apozem.

SHENSTONE.

TO THE TRIFLER.

SIR,

YOU will, no doubt, have read the inimitable paper in the Mirror upon advertiſements. The public are frequently taken in to read an advertiſement from the manner in which it ſets out, which otherwiſe would have been paſſed over without the ſmalleſt attention. A foreigner, from peruſing our daily newſpapers, if he took time to read the ſpecious advertiſements with which the newſpapers abound, would be ſtruck with aſtoniſhment at hearing ſuch a thing as death talked of in this part of the world. I was juſt come from ſeeing the remains of a friend interred, who died of the gout in his ſtomach, when my ſervant handed me the newſpapers, in order to divert

vert thoſe melancholy reflections which frequently ruſh upon the mind after a ſervice of that nature. On opening the papers, the firſt thing that preſented itſelf to my view, was "GOUT and SPASMS in "the STOMACH, BILIOUS CHOLIC, and PUTRID "FEVER."

"THE Romans preſented a civic crown to the "ſoldier who had ſaved the life of a citizen in bat-"tle. Whether life is preſerved from ſickneſs, or "the ſword of an enemy, the benefit is equally the "ſame to the ſurvivor. A dignified clergyman, in "the effuſion of gratitude, aſcribes the preſerving "not only his own life, but the life of a beloved "wife, to the wonderful powers of the Oriental Ve-"getable Cordial, which never in one inſtance fail-"ed relieving him in thoſe dreadful ſpaſms, ſo fre-"quently attending the gout in the ſtomach, whoſe "excruciating torture is beyond deſcription; nor "does he ever go to bed, during a fit of the gout, "without having a bottle by his bed-ſide. His "wife has been often at death's door from a vio-"lent bilious cholic, and relieved by the cordial, "after every other medicine has failed."

HE further illuſtrates the celebrity of the Orien-tal Cordial, "in reſtoring a lady to health, after "being given over by her phyſicians in a putrid fe-"ver. This is permitted to be publiſhed from "mere philanthropy, not to gratify the *idly curious*, "but to inform the afflicted, under ſimilar com-"plaints, where they may apply for relief."

UPON

Upon reading this ſpecious advertiſement, I thought, that whoever was the inventor of this Vegetable Cordial, was not only entitled to a civic crown, but to a crown of gold, for having promulgated to the world this valuable diſcovery. I reflected upon that tranſitory bliſs which we mortals enjoy; and that if the vegetable cordial had been advertiſed ſooner, I would, in all probability, have ſaved the life of one of my deareſt friends. This reflection, however, came too late, and my friend died of a diſtemper which could have been ſilenced with a bottle of Oriental Cordial. Upon more mature reflection, I am inclined to think, that, while theſe preſervers of health are taking the money out of your pocket, they, in no ſhape whatever, contribute to the leſſening of that pain which they themſelves point out as the moſt excruciating.

Godbold's Vegetable Balſam has for a long time amuſed the public, and it is now like to ſink into obſcurity. Packwood's Budget of Razor Straps has had the lead in the newſpapers for this ſome time paſt; and, indeed, you will not paſs a hardware ſhop but the words FACT and SURPRISE ſtare you in the face. I was led into my obſervations at firſt from the advertiſement before noticed, but I could not conclude this without having noticed what has occupied the attention of the public ſo much for this ſome time paſt. I am

Yours,

Observator.

To the Trifler.

Sir,

Many obſervations have been made on the medical profeſſion; but ſtill more, and with greater appearance of juſtice, on the common herd of quacks, and their wonderful noſtrums. The preſent age is perhaps the moſt fertile in vaunted expedients for the cure of every diſorder; but do we find, with the increaſe of theſe remedies, that the diſeaſes of the human frame are either mitigated or removed? By no means: the moſt *infallible remedies* ſoon paſs away like ſmoke, and are ſucceeded by others equally *infallible*. Quack medicines have certainly been ſometimes ſucceſsful, but they have, no doubt, been much indebted to that great aſſiſtant of the phyſician, the imagination of the patient. A perſon labouring under a diſeaſe, perhaps of no dangerous tendency, miſtakes it for another of a dreadful nature, and by making uſe of one of the moſt celebrated noſtrums, is ſoon reſtored to health; hence he extols the remedy to the ſkies, and every where takes the opportunity of celebrating its praiſes.

It is truly aſtoniſhing, that although medicine has come to ſuch perfection, we ſhould meet with ſo many ignorant pretenders; that while the knowledge of diſeaſes depends ſo much on the ſcience of anatomy, ſuch numbers ſhould be unacquainted with it,

it, and pretend to remove our diſorders by chance, without paying the ſmalleſt attention even to experience. Such practice would have hardly been excuſable in the earlieſt ages, when there were few opportunities of inveſtigating the nature of the human frame. How different appears to have been the conduct of Hippocrates! The father of medicine went on the ſure ground of experience, and, when he paid attention alone to the operations of nature, he was ſeldom led aſtray, but was enabled to deſcribe the appearances of diſeaſes with accuracy and preciſion. That illuſtrious man ſet phyſicians an example the moſt worthy of imitation: no pompous pretenſions ever appear in his works, for he even acknowledged and pointed out his errors.

It was only when Theory diſplayed her allurements, and when experience was neglected, that phyſicians loſt their way; for by means of it even the young and the ignorant are quickly made to believe that they are able and ſkilful phyſicians. They poſſeſs, at the beginning of their practice, a cure for every diſeaſe, and imagine no complaint can baffle their ſkill; but in progreſs of time they become ſenſible of their error, and find many diſeaſes for which no remedy can be applied. It will always be found that experience is the baſis of medical knowledge, and ought to be preferred to gaudy theory, however plauſible it may appear.

In the ſame way as the noſtrums of the mountebanks, one ſyſtem of medical practice ſeems to have

been expelled and ſucceeded by another; for, in one age, we obſerve that the phyſicians univerſally preſcribed a warm treatment for their patients, and, in the next, this was exploded, and the cold regimen alone recommended Even in the treatment of the ſame diſeaſe, and in the ſame age, there has been a difference of opinions, and a practice, which was once dangerous in the extreme, has been at a ſucceeding period highly applauded. But this I believe proceeds more from the diſpoſitions of men being ever prone to change, and deſirous of novelty, than from any defect in the ſcience itſelf; for it is an honourable profeſſion, and beneficial to mankind. A perſon, however, who begins to ſtudy medicine, if he be in any degree a philoſopher, muſt be ſurpriſed and diſcouraged at firſt, when he beholds ſuch a diverſity of opinion; but, in entering more deeply into the nature of the ſcience, he will find things not ſo bad as he was before inclined to imagine.

The humane and learned phyſician will be ever looked on as an ornament of ſociety, as the friend of man; but the ignorant and the vain, who pretend to abilities which they never were poſſeſſed of, and who make an inſolent boaſt of curing every diſeaſe incident to man, ought to be viewed as the ſcourge, and not as the ſafeguard of the human race. I am,

Sir,

Yours,

H.

No

No. XXVII.] *Saturday, June* 19. 1796.

There ſwims no gooſe ſo gray, but ſoon or late
She finds ſome *fooliſh* gander for her mate;
But ſhould we ſearch the ſpacious world around,
As Dunface ſuch a wretch will not be found.

POPE.

——— Et tamen
Vis formoſa videri;
Ludiſque et bibis impudens.

HOR.

TO THE TRIFLER.

SIR,

YOU authors I heartily deſpiſe; but to give vent to my ſpleen, and to ſhow my contempt for ſome of my acquaintances, I have thought proper to write a few lines, which, whether you inſert or not, I am perfectly indifferent. I look to myſelf in this world, and care not a —— what other people think of me: one perſon alone I endeavour to pleaſe, a poor ſtupid ideot of a huſband, and, to tell you the truth, I can twiſt him round my finger. But I will freely unboſom myſelf to you.

MY father was a ſeller of ſnuff, an ignorant brute of a fellow as you would wiſh to ſee, but by dint of penurious induſtry, and cheating his cuſtomers, he made a little money. My mother, at his death, was left with a ſon and two or three daughters,

whom ſhe brought up with ſome care, but made us believe that we were deſcended from a gentleman, though, in faith, he was but *a pitiful tobacconiſt*. I was the youngeſt of theſe daughters, and was always looked upon as a pert little ſlut even in my childhood. I had a great deſire to be thought a beauty, for although my complexion is a little duſky, I contrive to have a ſmile ever on my face, and the heart of many a one I have endeavoured to ſurpriſe, but I was a long time unſucceſsful. I was always on the watch, and was determined to take the very firſt offer I received, although my admirer ſhould be the uglieſt devil upon earth.

By my mother's death I was obliged to take up my quarters with my brother, who, in a neighbouring city, was endeavouring to cut a daſh, though, poor ſoul, he had very ſmall abilities either for one thing or another. Here I chiefly diſtinguiſhed myſelf for a free and licentious behaviour, but alas, Sir, I am ſorry to ſay, I had very few gallants. At laſt, Sir, a *gentleman* was accidentally introduced at our houſe, whoſe appearance at firſt was ſo droll, that I ſcarcely could refrain laughing in his face; but by degrees I became more accuſtomed to him. Repreſent to yourſelf a little man almoſt as broad as long, with a dark complexion, and an amazingly penſive ſober-looking countenance, ſeemingly involved in contemplation, when, in reality, he was thinking on nothing: ſuch was the amiable Mr Dunface. I ſincerely deteſted him, yet I diſplayed before him all my accompliſhments, and ſlily took

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an opportunity of hinting my admiration of his perſon: this gratified the vanity of poor Dunface, and the ſilly ideot immediately declared himſelf a lover. I fabricated a long ſtory of the gentility of my family, named the chief eſtate of my father, and told him in what county it lay: but, that he might not be ſurpriſed it did not belong to us, I ſaid a brother, by a firſt marriage, was in poſſeſſion of it. I mentioned many other falſehoods, which the ignorant ſoul ſwallowed with alacrity, and believed every ſyllable of what I told him.

ALTHOUGH I had not a penny in the world, I was in a little time married to Mr Dunface, who carried me to a ſmall abode he had in the country; and here I became acquainted with his mother, the life-renter of the eſtate. I ſaw ſhe eyed me with ſurpriſe, and did not ſeem to admire her ſon's choice; I was exaſperated at this, and determined to be revenged. I am ſorry I can ſay no ill of this old woman: ſhe had been pretty in her youth, but was now advanced in life, and conſequently her underſtanding was a little failed. She was miſtreſs of the houſe, and did not ſeem to pay me that reſpect to which I thought myſelf entitled; I therefore railed at her to the ignorant Dunface, and ſwore I would not ſtay in a houſe where an old creature was miſtreſs. He, poor ſoul! uſed his mother a little roughly, but this had no effect; ſhe remained obſtinate, and would not part with her authority. I began to uſe her with contempt, and tore from the walls of my room ſome old curioſities which

which ſhe had placed there, and threw them at her with diſdain. All this was to little purpoſe; but at laſt ſhe fell ſick, and then, by ——, I had my revenge. I am a conſummate hypocrite, and though, by the bye, I did not care a —— either for her or Dunface, I paid every attention to her during her illneſs, and this had the deſired effect. She inveſted me with the government of the family, and then I had full power to abuſe her as I pleaſed. I did not rail at her openly, but threw out contemptuous expreſſions at her own actions, and at every part of her family; and this hurt the old wretch more than any thing I could do.

I HAVE now got my weak ſoul of a huſband completely under ſubjection; I make him do the moſt ridiculous things in the world, and when he appears to reſiſt my deſires, I remain for days in ſadneſs, and can be prevailed on to take no comfort, till at laſt he grants my requeſt. A great deal of flattery is mingled with all my diſcourſe to the poor Dunface; and, though in reality I value him not a ruſh, he believes I in a manner adore him. As ſome of his relations had the inſolence to doubt the ſtory of my great birth and poſſeſſions, they made ſome diſcoveries which I am not fond of; I have therefore made Dunface break with them all. I made him ruin his ſiſter, and by my means he was the cauſe of his brother's death; but what the devil do I care? Shall a parcel of inſolent miſcreants pry into my affairs with impunity? No; by —- they ſhall feel the utmoſt

utmoſt weight of my reſentment; they ſhall know what an enraged woman can do.

Now, Sir, I am in all my glory: Dunface is completely my ſlave; his mother I have reduced to nothing; and I have baniſhed all their —— relations from my ſight. I am now endeavouring to load my ſtupid huſband with ſome of my ſiſters and their family, and I will make him provide for them amply. I make it my principal buſineſs to fill his ears with fabricated ſtories, by which means I have the ſatisfaction to ſee him abuſe the old creature his mother. I know ſhe deteſts me, but ſhe dares not complain; miſerable as her life is juſt now, I ſwear were ſhe to do ſo, I would render the remainder of it ten times more wretched than it is at preſent. I muſt, however, confeſs I begin to grow tired of the country, and I hate old Dunface mortally; but I muſt endeavour to put a good face on the matter, and not ſhow my uneaſineſs. When I firſt came here I was much employed in forming plans of reformation about the houſe and in the family affairs, and in railing againſt the old wretch; but now, Sir, I have little to do: my neighbours I fear have got ſome inkling of my character, for they begin already to look on me as a dangerous perſon, and are not ſo fond of viſiting me as formerly they were. But by heaven I'll play the devil with ſome of them: I ſit and hatch lies all the day, and afterwards retail them as truth; and thus, Sir, I have put ſome families at loggerheads with each other. Indeed, the deareſt pleaſure of my life is miſchief; and, faith, were

were I ſure of poſſeſſing the eſtate of Dunface at his death, I would not ſcruple to ſend both him and his mother, at once, to the devil.

I AM ſure, Sir, if you knew what a miſcreant Dunface is, you would deteſt him as much as I do. His mind is dark, he is completely ignorant and he is ſo dull, that it requires all my forced mirth and pleaſantry to keep him in ſpirits; but I ought to be comforted, I have at leaſt one ſatisfaction, which, to an ambitious and high-minded woman, muſt be very agreeable, the poſſeſſion of unlimited power. If I deſired Dunface to pull down the houſe, and build it up again, he would do it; but ſtill my mind is reſtleſs, and I wiſh for more ſubjects to vent my indignation upon, than I can poſſibly find in the country. What are purling ſtreams, and verdant groves and woods to me? Place me in the crowded city, where I may have the darling ſatisfaction of ſlandering my neighbours, and tearing their characters to pieces, and then I will be happy. I am, &c.

F. DUNFACE.

I WAS a long time uncertain whether or not I ſhould inſert this letter of Mrs Dunface; but it bears ſuch a ſtriking reſemblance to ſome parts of the ſtory of the unhappy Maria, that I have reſolved to give it to my readers exactly as I received it; depriving it of the oaths, however, with which it abounded. I am ſorry indeed to find any woman ſo abandoned, ſo loſt to all ſenſe of gratitude and humanity,

manity, as Mrs Dunface appears to be: It gives me ſome pain to preſent my fair readers with ſuch a picture, after publiſhing the letter of Amaſius; but few of theſe characters, I am perſuaded, are to be found; and when they do occur, it is better they ſhould be known than concealed.

In what an amiable light would Mrs Dunface have appeared, had ſhe endeavoured to pleaſe the old lady, and comfort the declining years of her life: ſhe would have then been worthy of applauſe, and inſtead of being deteſted, ſhe would have been repreſented as the moſt proper object of imitation. But, alas! this woman's nature appears to be at enmity with every thing that is good; and ſhe ſeems to dwell with a peculiar ſatisfaction on the moſt unfavourable parts of her own conduct. Few, very few, I am certain, there are who, in the ſlighteſt manner, can be compared with the abandoned Mrs Dunface; while, on the other hand, numerous inſtances can be given of the moſt endearing conduct in the fair ſex. They are for the moſt part patterns of excellence, and when an ugly picture is found it ſerves to make thoſe that are beautiful, ſhine with more radiance and luſtre.

Mr Dunface appears to be a man of no reſolution, incapable of ſeeing the deformity of his abandoned wife. I muſt view that man with deteſtation, who, at the inſtances of any woman, can be induced to treat a mother with barbarity, to deprive her of what is her undoubted right, and ſuffer his wife inſolently

ſolently to domineer over her. Nothing ſurpriſes me ſo much as his barbarous treatment of his ſiſter: I thought it was impoſſible thus to ſilence the calls of fraternal affection.

If I were able juſtly to delineate her character, I would give my readers a view of the amiable Euphraſia, who places her chief delight in the education of her family: She ſees a numerous race of children around her, who are all anxious to pleaſe her, and look up to their mother as their protectreſs and friend. Euphraſia is beloved by her huſband, and is the admiration of her neighbours. She looks to the affairs of the family herſelf, liſtens not to the voice of ſlander, and does not pride herſelf in leading a lazy inactive life. The utmoſt neatneſs and regularity reign in her family: cheerfulneſs is always pictured in her countenance, and ſhe ſeems to place her ſupreme delight in doing good to all.

This character ought to be admired, and it muſt afford delight to the good and the virtuous, but ſuch wretches as Dunface it muſt fill with chagrin and vexation. They know not how to obtain that happineſs ſhe poſſeſſes; for as they purſue inceſſantly the path of vice, happineſs ſeems ever to elude their ſearch, and, during their whole lives, wretchedneſs is alone their portion.

A.

No.

No. XXVIII.] *Saturday, June* 27. 1796.

To the Trifler.

Sir,

I formerly made an application to you, which you did not anſwer, but, the preſent which I am about to make, I hope you will be ſo kind as attend to. In my laſt, I think I promiſed you a hiſtory of ſome of my acquaintances; that promiſe I ſhall now fulfil, and, by the inſertion of this, you will confer a very ſingular favour on me, and be, perhaps, the means of routing out a very troubleſome cuſtom that has crept in among a ſelect party of my friends. It will be, *firſt*, neceſſary to inform you, that, although we are not a Society conſtituted by any laws, regulations, or name, yet, in our intercourſe we may be ſtiled a ſort of Club.

The chief perſon of our Society, is one of thoſe regular debauchees, who never go to bed ſober, whom I ſhall diſtinguiſh by the name of Toper. As he is the oldeſt Member among us, he, on that account, has a right to the arm chair, chuſes our liquors, and, from his knowledge and abilities, is the oracle of our Society. From his enlarged acquain-

tance in the polite world, we learn what is tranſacted there; and, as he has nothing to do but to amuſe himſelf, he picks up as much information from the Bookſellers ſhops, as has made us all tolerable politicians; and when the diſcourſe is like to run dry, or any of the Members likely to fall aſleep, he commonly introduces a little of that ſour ingredient called politics; which ſufficiently rouſes both the ſleeping and the dull Members. From him then we learn what is tranſacted abroad, and what way the world ſtands.

THE next perſonage is myſelf; but any further account of me than what I gave you in my firſt letter muſt be deferred till ſome other opportunity.

RODRIGO holds the next ſtep in our Society, and although he is neither ſo learned, nor ſo well acquainted with the world as the reſt of us, yet as he is a regular attender, and very ſeldom interrupts the diſcourſe, he is looked upon as a good *ſtaunch* Member; and I believe, for theſe five years paſt, he has never been a day abſent. His only fault is, that he makes a great many promiſes to us, which he never means to perform; yet as he is a good attender, ſits to the laſt, drinks his glaſs, and never moves till the reckoning is called; and, as I ſaid before, does not interrupt the harmony of the Club; he, although his veracity is not held in the higheſt eſteem, is counted a very good Member.

THE

THE next is UPISH, a gentleman of the law, who, by the death of his maſter, has ſucceeded to a good buſineſs. He is not ſuch a regular attender as the perſon I have before mentioned, but from his quirks and quibbiles, while arguing with TOPER, he affords the Society a good deal of amuſement, and he is pretty high in the eſteem of the Club. As the whole of our Society read your Papers, I am in the hopes that the faults I point out to you in our Members will be acknowledged by them on Saturday next at dinner, when your Paper is regularly brought in with the firſt bottle; and I alſo hope that the faults that may be pointed out will be amended.

BEFORE I proceed any further, I muſt introduce to you another of our Society. HOCUS is a ſtudent of law, and has only been a Member of our Society for theſe four months. He has come to town this winter, with the intention of picking up as much knowledge as may drive him through the world in the capacity of a country writer. He is by far the moſt ſilent Member amongſt us, takes regular notice where the toaſt lies, and adminiſters juſtice impartially, by diſtributing a regular portion of liquor to each of us. Of late, however, he has become rather troubleſome amongſt us, by having introduced a ſpecies of toaſts, which puzzle us not a little. They conſiſt of two kinds. The firſt is by giving a lady, and backing her name with an epithet, the firſt letter of which muſt begin the epithet all round. This may be a good way for country gentlemen amuſing themſelves in a winter even-

ing, but it is by no means accommodated to our capacities; beſides, for want of a good epithet, I have frequently been obliged to beſtow one upon a lady, directly oppoſite to what has been drank by all the reſt of the company. For inſtance, if a young lady's name began with the letter A. perhaps one of the Society backed her with the epithet amiable, and I who am frequently at a loſs for epithets, am obliged to follow him with that of *arrogant* or perhaps *abandoned*; or, I may even hear a young lady who ſtands high in my eſteem titled in the ſame way, nay ſometimes worſe, as there is no fixed rule; and any epithet is admitted even the moſt diſgraceful to the ſex.

THE next thing I am to complain of, is toaſting a young lady and backing her with a loch and a land, which muſt in the ſame way begin with a leading letter, and, out of reſpect to him, we never found fault with it. Now Sir, as I ſaid before, this may be held very entertaining in the country from which our young Member comes, yet I am ſure it is by no means proper, as it interrupts the harmony of our Society; and, from quiet harmleſs animals, we have of late become rather unruly. Indeed it has nigh broke up the Club, as that method of toaſting has become ſo frequent amongſt us, that, if perſiſted in, it will either drive me from my old acquaintances, and, by that means, render me quite unhappy, or ſend me in queſt of new acquaintances, moſt of whom may not be ſo agreeable. WEATHERBY, an old ſea Captain, and a good worthy Member, has been baniſhed

niſhed our Society for this fortnight paſt, for the reaſons I have before aſſigned. The laſt time he was at the Club, when called upon for his epithet, he ſtarted up and ſwore that he never, to his recollection, heard of a rope in the ſhip of that name; and, when told that it was to back a young lady, he ſaid, that unleſs the young Lawyer would leave off theſe epitaphs, he would be obliged to ſteer clear of the Club. As a cure, I propoſed whiſt, which I was hopeful would keep them all ſilent, but no ſooner were our glaſſes at our mouths, than we were put in mind that we had forgot the epithet; indeed, that word has now become the plague of my life. While awake I am tortured with it, and while aſleep I actually dream of it. It acts as a ſort of weather-glaſs on the faces of the whole Society. On that of Hocus, it commonly ſtands at the point *happineſs*, but on the reſt of the company it falls to *diſcontent*, and, I can aſſure you, that in my face it is always marked with *anger*.

I HAVE been ſo much taken up with ſtating grievances, that I have not got ſo much of the characters told you as I at firſt meant, but you will ſoon hear more from,

Yours profoundly,

DORMANT.

No. XXIX.] *Saturday, July* 4. 1796.

I am a departed ſpirit.
GHOST.

Ne ſutor ultra crepidam.

TO THE TRIFLER.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH you are the firſt mortal I have condeſcended to addreſs, ſince my entering the ethereal regions, yet I have all along been your ſincere friend, and view with approbation your meritorious exertions for the benefit of mankind. Whilſt I was on earth, the chief happineſs of my life conſiſted in trifling; and you may therefore be aſſured, Mr Maw-worm, I look on you with the utmoſt complacency. As a warm admirer of the Trifler, I have lately been filled with the greateſt concern, upon hearing that a ſelect committee of our Ghoſts had engaged to publiſh a Periodical Paper on earth. I had almoſt given you up for loſt, imagining that the writings of any human being would be effectually obſcured by the grand compoſitions of a Ghoſt, eſpecially of one poſſeſſed of ſuch diſtinguiſhed abilities

lities as Mr Phantom; but, with a view to keep you and your publication afloat, I have reſolved to take up the pen, and ſend you a few of *my own* obſervations.

IMITATION is looked upon by a Ghoſt as moſt deſpicable; therefore you may believe that every thing publiſhed by ſuch a one is truly original. It was on this account I was under ſuch grievous apprehenſions, when I firſt received notice of the new publication; for I ſaid to myſelf, poor Addiſon, Johnſon, and Hawkeſworth, will now be of little conſequence. All thoſe writings we were once accuſtomed to view with delight, will now diſappear, and no longer have the power to attract our attention. A Ghoſt is about to write, and what mortal can ſtand before him? Even the greateſt earth-born genius muſt be conſcious of his inferiority; and what will become of my dear little Trifler?

INDEED, my dear Dick, I can give you little aſſiſtance. I am generally looked upon with contempt by my fellow Spectres, and they univerſally imagine me to be a fool. I, however, am perfectly acquainted with the characters of your antagoniſts; and, were I to mention their names, you would tremble. Poets, critics, and hiſtorians, are amongſt them; for, even the illuſtrious Blackmore, the undaunted Dennis, and the great Oldmixon, hold a diſtinguiſhed place in the Society: and, if theſe authors were ſo renowned on earth, what muſt they not be now, when relieved from the ſhackles of mortality,

mortality, and aſſiſted by the accumulated learning of every age?

NOTHING but a Spirit Immortal could have conceived the grand idea of publiſhing a paper ſo new in name, and ſo unprecedented in deſign! It is certainly the firſt of the kind that has appeared on earth; for, the "Letters from the Dead to the "Living" muſt have been altogether a forgery, the invention of a diſtempered brain, and not the obſervations of pure Spirits. The dialogues of the dead are the compoſition of a mortal, and the elegant Lucian was a deceiver. That irony, and that delightful vein of ridicule, ſo conſpicuous in his works, were derived entirely from himſelf. In ſhort, every thing the preſent Ghoſt may compoſe is all his own; for he is above treading the ſteps of mortals.

WHEN we arrive in the manſions of ſpace, we are diveſted of many of our earthly failings, but ſome of them we retain in the higheſt perfection: And, what is moſt ſurpriſing, we believe ourſelves that we are utterly deſtitute of faults. Thus, I could point out ſome Ghoſts who are ſo very vain, that they imagine themſelves poſſeſſed of every ſpecies of knowledge, are continually boaſting of their acquirements, and, in their own opinion, they are patterns of every perfection. I have often heard one of theſe Ghoſts pretend to a knowledge of what I knew he was ignorant; and with the moſt conſummate effrontery diſplay his pretenſions.

To

To boaſt, indeed, is one of our principal characteriſtics; and, if mankind derive nothing elſe from the learned labours of the Spectres, they will, at leaſt, be convinced how well they can magnify, and with what ridiculous parade they diſplay their own fancied powers.

I AM perfectly acquainted with Mr Phantom, and many of his learned aſſociates: They are, in truth, the poſſeſſors of great abilities, but I wiſh they may not over-rate them. Wherever modeſty is apparent, I am apt to form a favourable prognoſtic; but here, too much confidence in their talents for compoſition, I am afraid, will have a tendency to make them promiſe a great deal, which they perhaps afterwards may be unable to perform, tho' aſſiſted by thoſe very reſpectable Spirits I before mentioned.

IF I were not a Spectre of too inſignificant a nature, I would give you a detail of the regions of ſpace. I would paint their beauties, would deſcribe the advantages we enjoy, and give an account of that felicity which no mortal can have any idea of; but this is a ſubject too important for me. I will only ſay that there is a grand diviſion amongſt the literary Ghoſts. Thoſe who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their eminent acquirements, and who wrote works that have obtained merited applauſe, occupy the principal place in theſe abodes. There we may contemplate the good and the wiſe of every age converſing together, and enjoying

joying all thoſe delights which ſpring from the exerciſe of reaſon. In the other diviſion, we behold thoſe underſtrappers of literature, who, having got a ſmattering of learning, pretended to knowledge, and miſpent their time in writing what was univerſally deſpiſed by all but themſelves. They ſtill retain their former ideas, and are ſtill of opinion, that their literary powers are of the firſt claſs; though their inferiority of ſtation muſt every moment convince them of the contrary.

As I am perfectly ſenſible of my own imperfections, I quietly, on my arrival here, took my place amongſt the latter; but often with a wiſhful look, and mournful ſigh, I have caſt my eyes towards that bliſsful abode where I am never doomed to enter. I have ſometimes drawn near its boundaries, and with what delight have I viewed thoſe eminent perſonages, who, in ancient times, enlightened mankind by their reſearches! There I have ſeen Socrates ſurrounded by his ſcholars, who were lending a greedy ear to that perſuaſive eloquence which ſo often had made them relinquiſh their favourite errors. And there I have contemplated the moſt renowned of the moderns, who ſeemed to enjoy with the trueſt pleaſure the company of thoſe illuſtrious ancients, from whoſe works they had received ſuch amuſement and inſtruction.

In the abode of the ſecond claſs of Ghoſts, I paſs my time much in the ſame way I was wont to do on earth. I go about ſtrolling from one place to another,

another, making my obſervations on every thing I ſee. There is little here to exerciſe my attention; but, when in the world, I paſſed ſuch a whimſical life, that, if well related, it would be an excellent leſſon to mankind. I, perhaps, may ſend you, at ſome future period, the particulars of my ſtory. It would likewiſe afford you no ſmall amuſement to have a deſcription of the members of the Ghoſtly Academy; their characters are ſo original and ſo various, that from them the materials of a very laughable letter might be furniſhed.

We have different ſocieties amongſt us beſides that of Mr Phantom; but, it muſt be confeſſed that *his* is the greateſt. I never could obtain the honour of being a member, although I have made ſeveral attempts. They cannot, however, hinder me from attending them; and I have been preſent at Mr Phantom's aſſembly when the moſt important points were diſcuſſing. What depth of reaſoning, and what force of argument, have I there ſeen diſplayed! The ſubject is always exhibited in ſome new and pleaſing light; and truth is often extracted from the moſt obſcure glimmerings of hiſtory. In the academy of Phantoms, none are admitted members but thoſe who are capable of advancing what was never before heard of; and, to ſay the truth, ſome of their fellows are eminently qualified for the taſk. The ſpirit of the famous Edmund Curl, one of their moſt acute critics, is at this time Preſident, and the ingenious Bernard Lintot Secretary, who hold the reins

reins with the utmoſt ſtrictneſs, admitting no new members till they have paſſed a ſevere examination.

So you have a proſpect, Mr Maw-worm, of your intelligent and intrepid opponents, who are prepared, with might and main, *to open to themſelves new roads to fame.* I am almoſt ſorry I have diſcloſed ſo much, leſt you ſhould be diſpirited; but I hope the praiſe I have beſtowed on my fellow Ghoſts, though, by the bye, it is well merited, will not hurt your Paper, but put you on your guard, and oblige you to redouble your exertions, that you may not ſink in obſcurity. I am,

Your's,

From the *Manſion* of the *Ignorant Ghoſts.*

MOROPOLEMIUS.

I AM indebted to a correſpondent for the above letter, which I received long ago; but, from ſeveral conſiderations, have been induced to defer the publication of it. It gives me much pleaſure to be honoured with the communications of a perſon who has happily delineated, in an ironical way, the vain and abſurd pretenſions of the moſt deſpicable and inſignificant of wretches. How could the ignorance of theſe illuſive *phantoms* be more properly deſcribed than by a fellow ſpectre? And I muſt ſay, that, although Moropolemius had railed at them in the moſt unbounded manner, the Academy of Ghoſts would not have been ſo much hurt as by his pretended praiſe; for juſt cenſure, conveyed ironically, has

has always been more effectual than the ſevereſt laſhing from a ſcurrilous pen.

As the name of *Phantom* will ſoon ſink into oblivion, it may be neceſſary to inform my readers, that the publication of a paper called the Ghoſt gave riſe to the above letter. The Ghoſt was the work of ſome fools who had the happy talent of writing *nonſenſe* with equal facility and elegance; for their reader had always the *agreeable ſatisfaction* of pauſing at every ſentence, before he could divine its meaning. When I read the two firſt numbers, and obſerved the many grammatical errors, and barbarous expreſſions they contained, I imagined the authors meant to try what ſtuff they could palm upon the public; but I ſoon was convinced that in this compoſition the utmoſt extent of their abilities was diſplayed. With grief I beheld the moſt ſacred monuments of genius and learning attacked by the undiſtinguiſhing hand of ignorant conceit: I beheld them attack, with a mercileſs rage, thoſe ancients who had afforded us the fineſt ſpecimens of wiſdom; and I ſaw them endeavour to tear the well-earned laurel from the brow of merit. But they tried in vain; the impotent ſhafts of envy flew harmleſs.

THE unworthy treatment that the beautiful tragedy of Douglas met with from the caitiff Phantom, filled me with moſt indignation. Every part of that tragedy is miſrepreſented: We ſee the moſt engaging paſſages neglected, or behold them only through

the dark miſts of prejudice; and, to a perſon who views Douglas with the eyes of this monſtrous critic, it muſt appear but a pitiful production. It would be eaſy to point out the critical errors of this inſipid writer, and the futility of his remarks; but our labour would be loſt; for one peruſal of Douglas will fully eradicate them.

Pope and Swift, in former days, had full ſcope for the exhibition of their ſatire; but how would they be amazed were they to look back, and behold the papers of the Ghoſt ten thouſand times more wretchedly compoſed, than the pooreſt and moſt pitiful works of their cotemporaries! It would be wrong were I to enlarge further on the miſtakes of the malicious Phantom; I will only addreſs him in the words of Macbeth, which, I am ſorry, are too good for him.

> Avaunt and quit my ſight! let the earth hide thee!
> Thy bones are *marrowleſs*, thy blood is *cold*,
> Thou haſt no *ſpeculation* in thoſe eyes
> Which thou doſt *glare* with.
> ——————— Hence horrible ſhadow.
> Unreal mockery, hence.——Begone!

No.

No. XXX.] *Saturday, July* 11. 1796.

How vile and how abſurd is man! His boaſted honour is but another name for pride, which eaſier bears the conſciouſneſs of guilt, than the world's juſt reproofs. But 'tis the faſhion of the times; and in defence of faſehood and falſe honour men die martyrs.

GAMESTER.

DURING my reſidence in Italy, I was accidentally introduced to Sir William R——, who, although a native of Britain, had exiled himſelf from his country for a number of years. He was at times a moſt agreeable companion, and had an uncommon ſhare of vivacity; which, however, was frequently checked, ſeemingly with the remembrance of ſomething which hung heavy on his mind, and which was generally ſuppoſed to be the reaſon of his abſenting himſelf from his native country. His acquaintance, notwithſtanding his fits of melancholy, was much courted by the beſt families in Rome; and, as I had often the pleaſure of being in company with him, I was honoured with a particular ſhare of his attention. From our being countrymen, we ſoon became intimate; and, as we were

often engaged in ſmall parties, we formed an attachment, which has now laſted for a number of years. He called upon me one morning, and ſeeing a newſpaper lying upon the table, took it up, but had no ſooner glanced over a few paragraphs, than he threw it from him, and burſt into the moſt paſſionate exclamations. After he had a little compoſed himſelf, upon ſeeing me look ſurpriſed at his conduct, he immediately pointed to a particular place of the paper, and deſired me to read. I did ſo, and found it to contain an account of a duel betwixt two young cavaliers, which ended in the death of one of them. "Be not ſurpriſed," ſaid Sir William, "at a conduct which muſt appear ſo ſtrange to you, but liſten to the recital of a ſtory, which has long remained a ſecret in my own breaſt. In my younger years, the only friend and companion I had was Thomas Thorn, Eſq. We were educated together, our fortunes were nearly equal, and our pleaſures were the ſame. An intimacy thus begun in early life, grew ſtronger with our years; and, but for the influence of a deteſtable vice, I might have yet been bleſſed with a friend whom I eſteemed more than all the reſt of mankind.

"It happened that we were engaged at a friend's houſe to dine. He had a daughter who was the moſt beautiful of her ſex. Unfortunately, our choice ſeemed to have fallen on the ſame object. Mr Thorn was handſome, and had that captivating eloquence which at once ſecures the heart, and captivates

tivates the hearer. He told me of his love for the too charming Louiſa. Would to God I had alſo made him my confident! On my friend's account I ſtrove to ſmother a paſſion which I ſaw very little hopes of ever having ſatisfied by the attainment of its object. Louiſa was paſſionately fond of Mr Thorn; and, the day when he was to receive the completion of his bliſs by marrying this divine object, I ſet out for Vienna. My friend lamented my abrupt departure; and, as he was entirely ignorant of my love for Louiſa, he fondly imagined that I would be preſent at a ceremony which was to render him happy, and me for ever miſerable. I pretended ſome unexpected buſineſs, which could admit of no delay, and accordingly hurried off with an intention of going to Vienna; but I had only proceeded the length of Dover when I was taken dangerouſly ill, and was confined for about three months with a fever. A faithful ſervant, who had been with me from my infancy, took care of me during my illneſs, and wrote to Mr Thorn the ſituation I was in. He and the tender Louiſa flew to my aſſiſtance, and tended me night and day. Upon my recovery I accompanied them to London, and ſtill ſtrove to ſmother this paſſion, which, if now encouraged, would be the trouble of both my own mind and my friend's. By being near the object, however, I found that it ſtill increaſed. I again took leave of my friend and his wife, and ſet out I know not whither. I travelled through Germany, and, after an abſence of nearly five years, I returned again to London. My friend was now

bleſſed in three beautiful children, and the charming Louiſa was the moſt tender mother I ever ſaw.

"I WAS, along with Mr Thorn, invited to dine at a gentleman's houſe who had been at ſchool with us. We drank too much; cards, however, were introduced. Mr Thorn was coupled with a gentleman, the beſt player in the company. They won moſt part of our money. My companion, from the continual run of fortune againſt him, accuſed the company of unfair play. Upon counting the cards, Mr Thorn was found in poſſeſſion of a pack card. No language can paint what I felt, to ſee my friend accuſed of the moſt deſpicable vice that can ſully the human mind. He ſtarted up in a fit of madneſs, and told the company it was a miſtake. A gentleman who had been an obſerver of what was going forward inſiſted that it was no miſtake, and that he ſaw him ſhuffle a card up his arm, which was the card found in his poſſeſſion. He was frantic with deſpair, and his face painted all the anguiſh which he ſeemed to feel. I unfortunately hinted at the infamy of cheating, and made ſome obſervations which diſpleaſed Mr Thorn. He anſwered me with the language moſt people uſe while heated either with drink or anger. He was heated with both. I retorted, and after a good deal of altercation, he challenged me to fight him. Cuſtom has now ſo far the lead, that to refuſe a challenge, is to be branded with the infamous appellation of *Coward*. But this is falſe reaſoning. Can it be counted either bravery

bravery or honour to cut our friend's throat? or will falſe honour always have the lead of moral rectitude? But pardon my digreſſion, my dear friend. We met next morning—piſtols were our weapons—we fired—Mr Thorn fell—I ran to him—he was in the horrors of death—he claſped me to his heart. "You are now the only one that can take care of my Louiſa, and my children—I am perfectly innocent of the crime which I was accuſed of"—His ſecond, ſtung with remorſe, told us that it was he alone who was the author of ſo much miſery; that he was in love with Louiſa, and hoped, by the huſband being taken away, to become maſter of a treaſure, without which life was nothing; and that he had hired the villain who was in the company to aſſert that it was Mr Thorn who had cheated.—Thorn breathed his laſt in my arms—I drew my ſword and ſtabbed the villain who was guilty of our ruin—No—it was ourſelves—Why did we not explain? I was hurried from the field. I made my eſcape to this place, where I have been ever ſince. Louiſa heard from my ſervant what had happened—She loſt her reaſon—Would to God I had loſt mine!—It has been reſerved me for a curſe—to ſhow me—to ſhow us all, the lengths vile cuſtom will lead us."

I LEFT Italy ſome days after the recital of this ſtory, but it has remained engraven on my memory. One deviation from moral rectitude is the prelude to many others. Gaming is faſhionable,—ſo is duelling;

duelling; and the daily papers inform us to what a length this Cut-throat vice has been carried. A modern gentleman goes with as much *ſang froid* to a duel, as a Frenchman to an aſſembly. Such is the effect of cuſtom, and it is now part of the news of the day.

L.

No.

No. XXXI.] *Saturday, July* 18. 1796.

Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a leſs pleaſing, tho' leſs glorious care.
POPE.

To the Trifler.

SIR,

I HAVE been induced by the utility of the ſubject, to throw out a few hints on female education: It is worthy of our moſt ſerious conſideration, and has, in almoſt every age, occupied the attention of men. I am almoſt afraid I may incur the charge of raſhneſs, in pretending to offer my opinion on a ſubject, upon which the moſt enlightened authors have written.

THE ignorance and folly of mankind are no where ſo fully diſplayed, as in this ſuppoſition, that nature has formed a diſtinction betwixt the abilities of the male and female part of the human race. Female genius has often ſhone forth, in ſome with a brightneſs even ſuperior to that of man; and it would be needleſs to inſiſt on a truth, which none but the captious will deny. The minds of women, for the moſt

moſt part, are endowed with a certain delicacy, totally unknown to the male ſex; and here a difference of diſpoſitions has been inſtituted by nature, but it is a diſtinction which reflects honour on the ladies. By this a love of elegance and neatneſs prevails, and a faſcinating charm is perceptible in all their actions; but it muſt be obſerved that this is heightened or depreſſed, according to the mode of education. In ſome caſes bad habits are acquired, which, by proper care, might have been avoided; and thus that inherent delicacy, inſtead of becoming more beautiful, is almoſt entirely obſcured: as the outlines of the painting of a maſter would loſe all their original beauty by the rude touches of a dauber. It therefore requires both attention and abilities to bring the young mind to maturity, to diſplay whatever is moſt valuable, and keep it at a diſtance from the encroachment of evil; for bad habits are eaſily acquired, but ſeldom or never can be eradicated.

It is, however, a melancholy conſideration, that there are ſome perſons, who, though poſſeſſed of abilities in other reſpects, are remarkably negligent in the education of daughters, and employ thoſe to ſuperintend their education, who are altogether unfit for the taſk. How much to be lamented are miſtakes of this nature, for from them the worſt of evils may ariſe! From this cauſe, the mind which was naturally good is ſometimes entirely ruined: it is plunged and bewildered in the mazes of ignorance, and attended by a crowd of ills, the concomitants of error. Inſtead of affording us an example

ample of every thing amiable, a gloomy picture is ſet before us of all that can render a woman diſagreeable. There pride and envy are predominant, a deſire of admiration inceſſantly prevails, and no part of the woman remains but the name. Theſe faults, however, it muſt again be repeated, are the conſequences of an improper education.

Some there are who entertain the moſt miſtaken notions on this ſubject, and imagine that a girl, who performs all the domeſtic concerns of a family with dexterity, is the miſtreſs of every perfection; while, at the ſame time, they are regardleſs of mental improvement. All their attention is laviſhed on external accompliſhments, and the mind remains uncultivated and entirely forgotten. True it is, I confeſs, that the knowledge of the management of a family can alone render her a uſeful member of ſociety: but that the moſt elegant part of education ſhould be neglected for this, is moſt unnatural and abſurd.

I am of opinion that the utmoſt attention ought always to be paid to this part of education; but while we endeavour to cultivate and improve the female mind, every extreme ought to be carefully avoided. How ridiculous muſt that lady appear, who can do nothing but pore on a book; to whom the care of a family is irkſome, and who paſſes her days in idleneſs and literary ſloth? A taſte for learning and its beauty muſt be early inſtilled into the young mind; but, at the ſame time, the character

racter of a learned lady ought to be moſt ſedulouſly ſhunned. Stiff and formal ſuch a character always appears: ſhe may be held in eſtimation, perhaps, by ſome men; but, by her own ſex, ſhe ought to be deſervedly deſpiſed. When a woman forgets the delicacy and elegant manners of the lady, ſhe becomes a virago, and contracts a maſculine appearance: The beauties of polite literature ought to be familiar to her; but, to the other ſex, the more rugged and leaſt pleaſing paths of learning ſhould be left. A pedant, of whatever ſex, is never viewed with complacency: in ſuch a character, it is univerſally imagined, nothing but cenſoriouſneſs and ſelf-conceit can prevail. A woman, therefore, who attempts to climb the ſteeps of learning, will be neglected by the ladies, and beheld with little admiration by the men.

When parents are intelligent and judicious, children will obtain moſt improvement from their inſtructions; for whatever comes from thoſe we love, will always make the more durable impreſſion on the mind. But where, on various accounts, this cannot be done, moſt careful ought to be the choice of an inſtructor: She ought to have a taſte for polite literature, to be diſtinguiſhed for the purity of her morals, and the regularity of her conduct; as on her will depend all the good or ill that may afterwards take place. When circumſtances will allow, the education of young ladies ought to be always conducted under the eye of the parents: by their preſence the care of the inſtructor is redoubled,

led, ſhe is ſtimulated to exert herſelf, and render her pupils the more worthy of their approbation. By this the practice of every virtue becomes habitual, and vice to them is unknown.

It is a general opinion, that a young lady has never received a proper education, unleſs ſhe has been brought up at a boarding-ſchool, and there imbibed all her ideas. When theſe ſchools are ſuperintended by a woman of virtue and abilities, I own they may be uſeful, and employed with ſafety. But how difficult it is to find ſuch a one! In theſe ſeminaries, for the moſt part, a few uſeleſs ornaments are to be obtained, which might have been got, with equal eaſe, in any other place, free from thoſe paſſions that are the certain conſequences of ſuch an education. There, vanity, impudence, and conceit are alone to be found; and what a ſacrifice muſt be made for a few trifling qualifications! at the expence of all that is amiable, of modeſty and every other virtue. I have known ſome ladies, who, from ſuch an education, had contracted the moſt arrogant opinions, who looked upon the reſt of their ſex with contempt, and believed that they alone were proper patterns for others. I am far from inſinuating that this is always the caſe; but, as the governeſs is ſeldom a woman of talents, this too often happens. The prevalence of example, however, is here very conſpicuous: where ſuch a number of jarring diſpoſitions are collected together in one houſe, ſome of them muſt be more abandoned than the reſt; and by the good being

thus mingled with the bad, a general corruption of manners will enſue.

Even in the earlieſt infancy, the utmoſt circumſpection ſhould be obſerved with regard to young ladies: the ſtrongeſt injunctions muſt be laid upon thoſe who take care of them, to relate no ridiculous ſtories which may enervate the mind and weaken all its powers. Thoſe actions, which have a bad tendency, but wear a captivating form, ſhould be carefully kept from their ſight. The beauty of virtue, and every thing excellent, ſhould be early inſtilled into their breaſts; and, for this purpoſe, a few good directions, ſkilfully applied, will be ſufficient. The deformity of vice, and thoſe dangerous paſſions, which in ſome females are ſo conſpicuous, and only the effects of an improper education, ought to be clearly diſplayed. At the ſame time, a lively picture ſhould be ſet before them of the oppoſite characters of the amiable woman, and of that perſon who is ſolely occupied with frivolous amuſements, and a prey to ungovernable paſſions. By theſe means good impreſſions are eaſily made, which acquire ſtrength with age, and are ſcarcely to be eradicated even by the contagion of example; for, at that period, the mind is readily influenced, and moſt ſuſceptible of every valuable inſtruction.

But while we make obſervations on the faults of education, the bad conſequences, which ariſe from intercourſe with ſervants, ſhould by no means be omitted. Their minds are ſeldom cultivated,

and

and moſt commonly depraved: their whole buſineſs is to pleaſe, and they know they have moſt chance to ſucceed by the help of adulation. In this manner they corrupt the young mind, which ſoon learns to deviate from the paths of propriety, and ſpeedily becomes the ſlave of every thing mean and deſpicable. The love of ſociety is natural to youth, and conſequently they muſt be indulged with companions; but here too much care cannot be employed: Where virtue appears to be deficient, or vicious inclinations to prevail, all ſuch companions ought to be avoided; for nothing has ſuch influence on the mind as example.

THE care of the body, however, while we are improving the mind, muſt not be neglected; for, were the health of it ſuffered to decay, all our attention to the latter would prove abortive. On this account, walking, and thoſe amuſements that do not depend on a ſedentary life, are peculiarly uſeful: from the exerciſe of the body the mind acquires freſh vigour; and the view of the beauties of nature fills it with delightful ſenſations. Although attention to thoſe employments, in which the ladies particularly excel, be recommended, yet the innocent pleaſures of life ought not to be prohibited; by their means that langour and inactivity, the conſequences of ſolitude, are avoided, and the heart is expanded with the love of ſociety. But here too frequent indulgences may prove hurtful; for thus they will loſe a taſte for uſeful employ-

ments, and never be conter .., unleſs when occupied with trifles. Better it is to be ignorant of what are termed the elegancies of life, than that theſe ſhould be obtained at the price of innocence and virtue.

THE utmoſt attention ought to be paid to the dreſs of young ladies: neatneſs ſhould prevail, and they ought, in general, to conform to faſhions, where theſe are not carried to a ridiculous exceſs. Little time, however, ſhould thus be loſt: it may more properly be ſet apart for elegant amuſements, as painting, or the delineation of the beauties of nature. Reading, likewiſe, at a leiſure hour, may be employed with ſucceſs; but thoſe authors are alone to be read, who have made it their buſineſs to diſplay the beauties of virtue, and the good that is always derived from purſuing the paths of innocence. The poets, for the moſt part, may be read with ſafety; but above all I would recommend the periodical writings of the elegant Addiſon, and thoſe authors who have written on a ſimilar plan. Young women ought not to be too freely indulged in the peruſal of novels: I am not, however, ſuch a cynic, as to prohibit their uſe altogether; for, when they have a good tendency, they may always be read with advantage. Voyages and travels often afford both inſtruction and entertainment, and, on that account, deſerve to be read.

I HAVE

I HAVE thus thrown out a few hints on female education, which, unconnected as they are, will, I presume, be of some utility. However insignificant they may be found, the design with which they were written is good, and, therefore, I hope they will be received with indulgence.

H. EROMENUS.

No. XXXII.] *Saturday, July* 25. 1796.

THE following letter was ſent me by an unknown correſpondent: as it may afford my readers ſome idea of the country, and of provincial manners, I here inſert it.

TO THE TRIFLER.

SIR,

THE following verſes were compoſed for the birth-day of the D—— of H———, who had returned to his native abode after a long abſence, during which time his life had been deſpaired of. All his friends were rejoiced at his arrival, and the author, though entirely unuſed to poetry, thought it his duty to compliment the noble perſonage on the occaſion; and however rugged his ſtrains may be found, he humbly hopes they will be intelligible.

THE palace of the D—— of H——— ſtands in an extenſive valley, through which the rivers Clyde and Avon run. Behind the houſe the ſmall ſtream of Cadzow appears, from which this part of the country originally took its name. The view on all parts

parts is romantic; but the banks of Avon, in a particular manner, are deſerving of attention. They are ſteep, lofty, and rugged, while their higheſt ſummits, covered with trees, afford a beautifully variegated proſpect. Rocks boldly projecting preſent us with a magnificent ſpectacle, and the trunks of thoſe aged oaks, which have remained for ages on the banks of Avon, ſtrike the beholder with amaze. Here the ruins of the ancient caſtle of Cadzow are ſtill to be ſeen, riſing to a vaſt height above the water which glides below: Part only of one baſtion remains, and we ſtill trace the veſtiges of the ancient entry into the caſtle, cut out of the ſolid rock. The top of the caſtle is covered with trees, except where a ſmall green makes its appearance, like a delightful paradiſe. When we caſt our eyes downwards, we behold the walls of the caſtle covered with ivy and honeyſuckle, and through the thick ſhade can juſt diſcern the ſtream of Avon, and hear its gentle murmurs. From the green we deſcend by a flight of ſteps into an arched hall, partly hollowed out in the rock: every thing bears the marks of age, and while we walk acroſs the hall, or peep out of the narrow windows, we recall to our remembrance the exploits of the heroes of old.

This ſhort deſcription, although very imperfect, will ſerve to explain ſome expreſſions in the ode, which otherwiſe would not be ſo readily underſtood.

I am, &c.

Hamilton, July 24.

H.

ODE

ODE

TO THE D—— OF H——,

ON HIS BIRTH DAY.

LET Avon's fields and woods rejoice,
For ſummer ſpreads her mantle green,
And ſweetly-cheerful nature's voice
Is heard amid the rural ſcene.
Wild-warbling ſound the notes of joy;
This day no cares the ſwains annoy;
Our Douglas lov'd again appears.
Ye ſwains your choiceſt garlands bring,
Prepare on Avon's banks to ſing
The chief reſtor'd to Cadzow's tears!

ON Cadzow's palace pleaſures ſmile,
No more is heard the ſong of woe;
This day muſt baniſh care and toil,
No more ſhall Cadzow ſorrow know.
On Avon's flow'ry banks let fame
Around our Douglas' birth proclaim!
While every grove and every plain
This favourite theme delighted ſing—
"The prime of joys from virtue ſpring,"
And Avon's rocks reſound the ſtrain.

BEHOLD him come to view the fields,
So gayly deckt by nature's hand!
To view the charms that Cadzow yields,
And crown with bliſs his native land.

To

To view theſe ancient mould'ring towers,
Theſe ſeats of peace, our woodbine bowers,
Where joy reſides, where pleaſures reign.
Such ſcenes Arcadians ne'er ſurvey'd:
Each grove, each wood, and ſylvan glade,
Conſpire to pleaſe, and baniſh pain.

THRICE happy he! who thro' the vales
Can, void of care, with pleaſure roam!
Whoſe ear no orphan's cry aſſails,
Or widow's forc'd to leave her home.
How few the bliſs of goodneſs know!
How few on miſery aid beſtow!
O then let Douglas here remain!
For here the loveliеſt charms abound.
In Cadzow's ſhades content is found,
While woe forſakes the happy plain.

To crown with joy his natal day,
Clyde's genius, hoary chief, appears;
O hear him! thus his homage pay,
And ſing the deeds of ancient years:
'What warriors, rear'd on Glotta's banks,
Have fought amid the hoſtile ranks,
And brav'd the ſhock of furious war!
In former times, what beauteous maids
Have rov'd among my verdant ſhades,
And ſpread our Cadzow's fame afar!'

'WHAT lovelier banks than mine appear?
What ſtreams as mine ſo ſmoothly glide?
Yet, more to me is Douglas dear,
Than all my fields in all their pride.'

" He

" He comes," the joyful ſwains reſound,
" Our mirthful ſteps ſhall print the ground,
" Our hearts rejoice, our looks be gay."
' I ſee them dance along the plain ;
I hear them raiſe a pleaſing ſtrain,
And ſing of Brandon's natal day.'

' When tir'd with toil, how ſweet repoſe !
What joy we feel reliev'd from pain !
For him my ſighs unceaſing roſe,
And, ſadly, I in tears complain.
My ſtreams for Douglas ceaſeleſs mourn,
And all my beauteous banks forlorn,
The notes of woe alone reſound ;
Till " health's return'd" the vallies cry,
And " health's return'd" the hills reply,
While rocks and woods repeat the ſound.'

' No more ſhall ſorrow raiſe her voice,
And weep for fair Avona's lord ;
For, lo ! his fathers' ſhades rejoice,
To ſee their ſon to health reſtor'd.
Cheer'd is the heart of every ſwain,
And pleaſure dwells on Avon's plain.
Again ſhall virtue Douglas hail !
His halls again reſound with mirth ;
The day's proclaim'd that gave him birth,
And muſic floats along the vale.'

No. XXXIII.] *Saturday, Auguſt* 1. 1796.

To the Trifler.

Sir,

As you ſeem to devote ſome of your papers to the amuſement of your fair readers, perhaps the following account of the celebrated Aſpaſia, extracted from the Memoires de l'Academie des Inſcriptions et Belles Lettres, may be agreeable to you.

In the hiſtory of Athens, we meet with nothing ſo ſingular and pleaſing as the character of Aſpaſia. That, after paſſing her younger years in licentiouſneſs, and in a manner forbidden by the laws, ſhe ſhould have attracted that regard which is due only to virtue, and enſlaved by her charms the moſt powerful of the Greeks; that ſhe ſhould have inſpired Socrates, the father of Philoſophy, with ſentiments of eſteem and reſpect; and that the moſt enlightened men of that age admired her as a model of eloquence, is the moſt wonderful event we meet with in the annals of Greece.

She was born at Miletus, of an illuſtrious family. She had received from nature the fineſt mental endowments,

dowments, which, by education, were brought to perfection; but a taſte for pleaſure made her fond of debauchery. Enamoured with philoſophy in the midſt of riot, ſhe invented a ſyſtem of pleaſure, and acquired glory even in the path of infamy. In a little time, however, the voluptuous Ionia appeared a theatre unworthy of her charms: ſhe choſe Athens for her abode, where vice, as well as virtue, was conſpicuous. She there appeared like a meteor, and attracted the admiration of all. Every one was deſirous of being acquainted with a woman in whom beauty, wit, and knowledge, were united; in her houſe ſoon centered all the wit and politeneſs of Athens; there converſations were held on the moſt weighty concerns; politics, eloquence, and philoſophy, were, by turns, the ſubject of diſcourſe, which the charms of Aſpaſia rendered ſtill more intereſting. The greateſt philoſophers, and the moſt eloquent men of Athens, acknowledged how far ſhe excelled them.

The moſt illuſtrious conqueſt that Aſpaſia made was that of Pericles; he had the chief direction in the councils of Athens, and was the moſt celebrated of the Greeks. Aſtoniſhed to find a woman, whoſe life announced nothing but folly, miſtreſs of ſuch extenſive wiſdom, and ſo intimately acquainted with the moſt profound maxims of government, he became one of her admirers, and ſoon bore away the palm from all his rivals. It has even been ſaid he was indebted to her for his reſiſtleſs eloquence. It is certain ſhe had the moſt powerful ſway over

all

all his actions, and it was she who, to revenge her native Miletus, excited the war of Athens against Samos; a cruel war, in which Pericles, to please his mistress, cut off a vast number of Samians, destroyed their government, and levelled their walls.

About this period the poet Hermippus brought an accusation against her of impiety. The protector and the lover of Aspasia openly espoused her cause: he plead for her with all the power of eloquence, and by his intreaties and his tears rescued her from danger. At last this hero, who put all Greece in motion, was unable to keep his passion within bounds; he married Aspasia. Notwithstanding all the ridicule of the people, this marriage did not weaken that love he bore her, and he never reproached himself with this unworthy alliance.

His two sons, by a former marriage, dying, he obtained the right of citizen for his natural son by Aspasia, although he had formerly made a law against this practice; but the abrogation of it was granted on account of his long services, and his zealous attachment to the state. Pericles did not long survive this favour, for he died in the third year of the Peloponnesian war. Aspasia consoled herself for his loss with Lysicles, a man of no abilities, and of an obscure birth, but very rich from the profits of his trade: This was descending from a great height, but the widow of Pericles raised her new husband to the first employments of the state.

We are ignorant of the remainder of her life; but ſo great was her reputation for elegant manners, wit, and beauty, that Cyrus the younger thought he conferred great honour on Myrto, the moſt beloved of his miſtreſſes, by calling her Aſpaſia.

In a dialogue of Plato, Socrates recites to Menexenes a diſcourſe, in honour of thoſe Greeks who died for their country, which, he ſays, on the preceding evening, had been delivered by Aſpaſia; but it is doubtleſs to Plato himſelf that we are indebted for this elegant compoſition. An extract from the latter part of it may perhaps give us ſome idea of its beauty. After having magnificently recounted the glorious exploits of the Athenians, ſince the commencement of the Perſian war, Aſpaſia, by a bold figure of eloquence, raiſes their anceſtors from the tombs, and furniſhes them with theſe beautiful words: "Children, your preſent victories have revived our ancient valour; we had it in our power to live without honour, but we rather choſe glorioufly to die, than cover our fathers and our poſterity with diſgrace; for we are perſuaded that the man who diſhonours his friends is unworthy to live, and muſt be deſpiſed even in the ſhades. Recal to your remembrance the inſtructions we have left; let virtue be the guide of all your actions; for without you call her to your aid, every thing you poſſeſs, and every thing you do, will be tarniſhed with guilt and diſhonour. The low-minded wretch derives no honour from riches; for others, and not for himſelf, he poſſeſſes them, and he has only the name of being

ing wealthy. What are ſtrength and beauty to a weak and vicious ſoul, but uſeleſs ornaments which ſerve alone to make its deformity the more apparent? Knowledge itſelf, when unattended with juſtice and the other virtues, is only an artificial gem; it is unworthy of the name of wiſdom. Make, therefore, unceaſing attempts, employ all your abilities, that you may riſe ſuperior to us and our anceſtors. If we continue to poſſeſs the ſuperiority, we will bluſh for our victory; yours we will applaud when you ſurpaſs us, and you will do ſo, if you deſcend not from the rank to which we have raiſed you, but make continual efforts to go beyond it. What a ſhame it is to that perſon, who wiſhes to obtain eſteem only through the merits of his anceſtors! It is certain that the exploits of our fathers muſt reflect honour on poſterity; but to loſe this honourable treaſure, without bequeathing any of it to our deſcendents, or aggrandizing it by our virtues and exploits, is a ſhameful diſſipation, the height of infamy. If you obſerve theſe maxims, we will receive you amongſt us with honour, but if you come to us degraded and deſpiſed, expect nothing but reproaches."

U.

I HAVE now brought my publication to that ſize I at firſt intended; and it therefore remains for me to ſay farewell to my readers. I am far from being ſo vain as to imagine that I have either afforded

much delight or inſtruction; but, if ever my papers have had the effect of innocently beguiling a few hours, I will be happy. However I may have failed in the execution, my principal intention was to promote the happineſs of ſociety; and, in all my papers, I have uſed my utmoſt endeavour not to deviate from the path of virtue. I am ſenſible that ſome of my papers are trifling, and deſtitute of that elegance which appears in moſt of our periodical writers; but, who can expect to find in a Trifler the beauties of Addiſon, or the learning and ingenuity of Johnſon? If ever I have pretended to elegance which was above my reach, or aſſumed a ſolemnity unbecoming a Trifler, I hope the reader will rather pity than deſpiſe me; I ever had the ſincereſt deſire to pleaſe him.

It is to no purpoſe to enlarge further on any of theſe particulars; let the reader judge for himſelf, and wherever any errors appear, let him treat them with indulgence. I have never been the advocate of vice, but have conſtantly endeavoured to ſtrip folly of its diſguiſe, and ſet forth the beauty and amiableneſs of virtue. Individuals have never been attacked, but when, in my opinion, they were deſerving of cenſure; and this was done with the utmoſt rectitude of intention. In ſhort, I have ever kept in view the following paſſage of Horace.

Quid verum atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis in hoc ſum.

What right, what true, what fit we juſtly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is ALL.

POPE.

IN

In concluding a Periodical Work, it becomes neceſſary to acknowledge the obligations which the Author lies under to his Correſpondents, and to point out what Eſſays are his own, and to whom he is indebted for others. To one Correſpondent I am indebted for No. XII. and No. XX. The whole of No. XIII. the letter ſigned Nemo, and that ſigned Thomas Mizen, in No. XXIV. and the poem in No. XXXII. were ſent me by Correſpondents.

The letter ſigned Rebecca Queer, in No. XV. I received from a Gentleman, to whom I made known my intentions of publiſhing a Periodical Paper, and to him alſo am I indebted for new-modelling the letter in No. XXIV. ſigned Julia, which, I believe, was ſent by a Young Lady.

The letter ſigned Crito, in No. XXI. is the production of a Gentleman wholly unknown to me; and the elegant letter, in No. XXI. ſigned Z. is, I believe, from a Gentleman who ſtands pretty high in the Republic of Letters. I likewiſe received from a Correſpondent the letter ſigned Moropolemius.

I have all along, during the publication of this Paper, endeavoured to make my Readers believe the Trifler was the work of one perſon; but I now think it proper to declare, that to one Gentleman I am indebted for the half of this work. It would be a tedious taſk to point out the particular Papers which belong to each of us; it will therefore be better to give them to the world as the joint compoſi-

tion

tion of two friends, whoſe labours, in many places, are ſo intimately blended, as make it difficult to ſeparate them. The compoſition of the Trifler has been the amuſement of our leiſure hours: what particular Eſſays have been written by each of us, let the ingenuity of the Reader diſcover. Theſe Papers are the monument of a friendſhip, which, it is hoped, will be increaſed by this union of our literary labours.

FINIS.

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ERRATA.

Page 146, laſt line, for *was* read *were.*

—— 148, line ſecond, for *viſitors* read *viſiters.*

—— 149, line 29, for *ſiſters* read *ſiſter.*

—— —— laſt line, for *accomodates* read *accommodate.*

—— 183, line fifth, for *quibbiles* read *quibbles.*

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